

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

AUGUST, 1890.

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LONDON :

OFFICE OF THE MONTH, 48, SOUTH ST., GROSVENOR SQ.

LONDON : BURNS AND OATES. DUBLIN : M. H. GILL AND SON.

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## *The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.*

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THE 15th of July last past was the eighty-second birthday of our Cardinal Archbishop, and the 8th of June was the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration. All the world has been moved to come to him with its congratulations, from the Sovereign Pontiff to the children in the elementary schools of the diocese. There is little cause for wonder that it should be so. The years that have gone by have been beyond measure important to us English Catholics, and the Silver Jubilee of the Cardinal Archbishop who has all England for his province, was a fitting season for men to congratulate one another, as well as their aged and venerable chief, on the change that this quarter of a century has wrought. We have not the alternative of "a peerage or Westminster Abbey," to offer to the winner of our battles, but we have our admiration, and respect, and regard, which are dearer to His Eminence than all that the world could give to the foremost of those whom it wishes to honour. It is a comfort to all Catholics to think that the Jubilee has so gone by that its retrospect can but bring unmixed pleasure to the Cardinal, and we go our ways with the satisfactory remembrance that while Jubilees are fitting opportunities for congratulation, they are in no sense what our fathers called "the grand climacteric," a critical period involving special danger. On the contrary, experience shows that Jubilees are long outlived. Pius the Ninth, of holy memory, not only lived to see the years of Peter, but many more; and our prayer for the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster is that he may live to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of our English Hierarchy, ten years hence.

The restored Hierarchy is now forty years old. Its first fifteen years were under Cardinal Wiseman as Metropolitan, and the tale is completed by the five and twenty years that we have just now been numbering with pride. The year in which the late Cardinal Wiseman died, is that in which, if he had lived a few months longer, he, too, would have kept his Jubilee. He

had been a Bishop ten years when the Hierarchy was established, and few titles were more familiar at the time than that of Melipotamus, which was the see *in partibus*, as titular sees were then called, to which he was consecrated. Very nearly all that time he was the Coadjutor of Bishop Walsh in the Midland District. If Bishop Walsh had lived, he would have been the first Archbishop of Westminster; and his Coadjutor, on being made Cardinal, would have taken up his residence in Rome. But Dr. Walsh died in London, a year and a half before the Hierarchy was instituted, and Dr. Wiseman, who had been transferred to London as Pro-Vicar-Apostolic on the death of Dr. Griffiths, and had practically governed the London District during the seven months that Dr. Walsh was nominally the Vicar-Apostolic, succeeded to the charge of the Vicariate, and held it for a year and a half. When Dr. Wiseman left England for Rome, it was with the knowledge that he was to be made Cardinal, and with the understanding that he was to live in Rome. It was but very shortly before the memorable Michaelmas Day in 1850, which is the birthday of our Hierarchy, that Pius the Ninth resolved on sending him back to England as the first Archbishop of Westminster. Cardinal Wiseman died on February 15, 1865, in his sixty-third year; and the 8th of June following would have been the twenty-fifth anniversary of his episcopal consecration. He used to say that he would invite the Bishops to a solemn celebration of the day in his Pro-Cathedral Church at Moorfields. When that day came, many Bishops were assembled in that church, but it was to celebrate the consecration of his successor.

Pope Pius the Ninth was accustomed to use a striking term in speaking first of the one, and then of the other, of those two whom he had made our English Archbishops and Metropolitans. *Il Cardinale è la mia provvidenza per l'Inghilterra.* "The Cardinal is my providence for England." We, who have lived here under their ecclesiastical rule, know how true the saying was. Each in his respective time has been to us "a providence," provided for us by the Pope and by Him whose Vicar upon earth the Pope is. It would be difficult to name two eminent men differing from one another more remarkably than these two, who have successively held the see of Westminster, and yet each in his day was the "providential" man for us. All England might have been searched through and through, and no rival found for either. Yet they came as God

saw that they were needed. The first would not have been equally well adapted to the place and time of the second, nor the second to the office and work of the first. Those who come after us, and from a more distant point of view look back on the work of God in our generation, will see how distinctly Providence has provided for the revival of religion the fitting agent for each portion of His Divine work amongst us in this crisis of our religious history.

The present is no time to attempt a review of the important years that have passed since Cardinal Manning became Archbishop of Westminster, and God grant that the time may be far distant before the Catholic journalist shall find it to be his duty to recall the events of his ecclesiastical reign. All that can well with propriety be done at the present moment has been admirably done by Monsignor Gilbert, the Vicar-General, in his speech at the presentation of the Jubilee Address, which speech was made up of details and statistics of the highest interest. To a few of these we must permit ourselves to refer, entering in one or two particulars into somewhat more minute detail.

The point of overwhelming interest seems to us to lie in this, that during the first fifteen years of the Hierarchy the Catholic population of England increased considerably, and out of proportion to the increase of clergy, of schools, and still more of attendance of children at schools, but in the last twenty-five years the increase of Catholic population, at all events in London, has been stayed or even diminished, while everything connected with the Catholic religion has increased marvellously. The healthiness of this latter state of things is that on which we may well congratulate ourselves, now that it is made clear to us by the certain evidence of trustworthy statistics.

Of the earlier of these two periods of time we can speak, not of the diocese of Westminster only but of all England. Respecting the latter period we can speak of Westminster only. From general returns contributed by all the Bishops more than twenty years ago, we learn that in 1850 the baptisms in England were 34,539 and the marriages 5,152, while in 1865 the baptisms were 55,230 and the marriages 8,579. During those fifteen years Westminster had its full share of this increase, for its baptisms rose from 5,719 to 7,975 and its marriages from 581 to 1,164. We may add that the conditional baptisms included in the returns made by the clergy rose in the same period in the diocese of Westminster from 168 to 998. If one could be sure that the

registers were all kept in the same manner, this return would serve as an indication of the number of conversions, but it is clear that no stress can be laid on these last figures, for the conversions in London in 1850 must have been far in excess of 168.

With regard to the twenty-five years between 1865 and 1890, the baptisms have not risen in numbers. There were, as we have said, 7,975 in 1865, and in no one year since are they known to have been so many. We have no information respecting the baptisms of the last ten years, but the average of the five years from 1870 to 1874 was 7,080, and that of the five years next following was 6,891; the average number of conditional baptisms for the same sets of five years being respectively 958 and 1,135. This does not bring us down to the present time, but it is enough, as far as it goes, to make us believe that the Catholic population of the diocese of Westminster has not increased, but if anything fallen off. No doubt that, as the previous increase was mainly due to immigration, so also emigration is the chief cause of this standstill or decrease. It is not easy to ascertain what has become of the multitudes of Catholics who have been displaced by the destruction of rookeries. The suburban missions have naturally increased, but nothing like all are accounted for. Be that as it may—and the facts are well deserving of further investigation—we have to add the consoling and very remarkable statement, that with the same total number of Catholics in the diocese, every other item in our Catholic statistics has risen, and in a surprising ratio.

The clergy lists tell us that in 1865 the priests of the metropolitan diocese were one hundred and sixty seculars and fifty-four regulars; now in 1890 there are two hundred and fifty-three seculars and one hundred regulars. Some of the regulars are, it is true, not employed upon the mission in London, but it is not far from the mark to say that there are now three hundred and fifty priests to minister to the same number of Catholics that a quarter of a century ago were ministered to by two hundred and ten.

To this increase of clergy is mainly due the extremely important fact that the number of the faithful who are reported as making their Easter duties is now 78,766, to set against 53,000 at the time of the death of Cardinal Wiseman. This means that every year there has been an improvement of more than a thousand deducted from the number of those who were

neglecting their Easter duties, and added to the number of those Catholics who practise their religion.

When the present Archbishop of Westminster undertook his weighty charge, one thing he emphatically declared, and it was that his work of predilection should be the care of the little ones of his flock. All that he could do for the children he was resolved to do. The statistics before us show that he has kept his resolution. The attendance of children in the Elementary Schools of the diocese in the year 1865-6 was 11,145 present at the Inspection made by the Religious Inspector, and the average attendance was 11,112. The Twenty-third Report of the Westminster Education Fund, which contains a table with the numbers from the year 1857 to the present time, tells us that in the year 1888-9, the totals were, present at Inspection 22,063, and average attendance 21,013. These children, as the Inspector shows, are being educated in 228 schools, of which eleven are Poor Law Schools, three Industrial Schools, one Reformatory, and eight Orphanages, the remaining 205 being the Parochial or Poor Schools, the total number of children on the books being 26,948. The number seen by the Diocesan Inspector and examined in their religious instruction has risen from 11,145 to 22,063 in these twenty-five years, and this, be it remembered, *while the number of baptisms has not increased.* Can such a change in the religious condition of a people whose total remains the same, be paralleled anywhere in the world at the present time, or even in the history of the Church at any time whatever?

Of all important developments, the interior development is the most important. But, extrinsically also, we hold now a very different position in the eyes of our countrymen from that which we occupied in Cardinal Wiseman's time. It is true that England had, before his death, in some degree recovered from the panic of fear and anger that at the establishment of the Hierarchy took possession in the most surprising way even of men by no means destitute ordinarily of calm judgment and good sense. The Act of the Pope and the Act of Parliament were in direct collision, and Parliament has had the sense to give way, while the Act of the Pope remains. At the time of Cardinal Wiseman's death, a reaction had begun, and his funeral was accompanied by more striking marks of popular respect than the funeral of any statesman since Wellington was buried. From that time to the present the reaction in our favour has

steadily prevailed. But it might easily have been checked at any time. There has hardly been a period in our history, when a mistake in our attitude towards the people and the country would have been more calamitous. Thank God, there has been no such mistake, though our spiritual rulers have not been without their anxieties, and under the good Providence of God the friendly aspect of the English people towards us is mainly due to the Cardinal Archbishop. His influence has been most widely felt, and it has been recognized in unexpected quarters. The Cardinal has had his place on such commissions as that on the Housing of the Poor, and on the still more important Royal Education Commission; and Sir Francis Sandford, for many years the Secretary of the Committee of Council on Education, said, on the occasion of the Cardinal's Jubilee, that "if the Royal Commission result in good to the education of this country, and above all, to the religious education of this country, it is mainly owing to the lead taken by the Cardinal on that occasion." Sir Francis added the striking words that he "felt from his heart that if England is to remain a Christian country, so far as education is concerned, that happy result is due largely to His Eminence."

The presence of such men as Sir Francis Sandford, Lord Brabourne, the Earl of Meath, and the Earl of Rosebery, uniting with such Catholics as the Duke of Norfolk, the Marquess of Ripon, Lord Egmly, and Lord Arundell of Wardour, is of itself most significant. The Lord Mayor almost at the same time, and on a matter quite independent of the Jubilee, publicly defended his having given precedence to the Cardinal; and at the Jubilee itself, His Eminence "entered the room, leaning on the arm of Sir James Whitehead, the late Lord Mayor." Each such occurrence is not perhaps of much importance in itself, but no one can doubt that if a straw can show which way the wind blows, many such indications prove that it is not a mere temporary gust that is blowing.

If we were to end here, there is one allusion that every friend of the Cardinal would feel to be wanting, should these lines reach his eye. Every one knows that His Eminence has thrown his heart into the Temperance Movement, and he has been induced to do so by the necessities of his own flock, as well as by the good thereby to be done to the people of the country at large. Indeed, the spiritual good that the members of his own flock could have



done to England has been hindered by the enemy that the Cardinal, in his efforts in behalf of the Temperance Movement, has assailed without truce. It makes the heart ache to think what an opportunity has been lost of influencing England for good. The Catholic poor could not have failed by this time to have leavened their Protestant neighbours with a love of their religion, if it had not been for drink and its train of evils. The soul of their Pastor was touched at the sight of this grave impediment in the spread of the Catholic Faith in England, and who shall blame him if he has devoted himself, heart and soul, to remedy it? His personal devotedness and perseverance all must and do admire; and there will be many, and very many, whose prayers will aid him in all his efforts for the good of the flock that God has entrusted to his charge. God grant that the past, in all that it has contained of good, may be largely surpassed by the near future. God grant that a retrospect from the standpoint of the Golden Jubilee of the Hierarchy may be even more consoling to His Eminence than the undoubtedly great consolations afforded to him by the review that God has given him to make of the last quarter of a century, which constitutes his own Silver Jubilee as Archbishop of Westminster.

### *St. Kevin at Glendalough.*

---

AMONG the humorous stories respecting St. Kevin that are detailed to the visitor to Glendalough, is one that has been perpetuated by Lover in his *Legends and Stories of Ireland*, just as the fable respecting Kathleen has been perpetuated in the poems of Moore. It represents the Saint as making application to a certain King O'Toole, who is described as the then monarch of that portion of Ireland, for a grant of land in the valley of Glendalough, on which to build his monastery. The legend portrays the King as at that time a very old man, and as amusing himself with the care of a pet goose, that accompanied him everywhere. When the Saint had made his petition, and was asked by the monarch what extent of land he needed, he is said to have made answer that he would be well satisfied with as much land as the royal goose could fly around without alighting. King O'Toole smiled at the request, well knowing that the poor bird could not fly half a dozen yards, and very readily consented. Thereupon the Saint, taking the goose into his arms, marked him with the blessed sign of the Cross, and then threw him up into the air. Then, to the astonishment of all present, away flew the goose, circling in mid-air high above their heads, and took its course under Lugduff, and over Luganure, and far away up the valley to the east, and round the northern shore of the lake under Coomaderry, until at length it alighted, after including within its range a great part of the King's dominions, safe and sound, at the feet of its astonished master. And here the legend "bifurcates;" in its more moderate and reasonable form it represents the King O'Toole as willingly fulfilling his promise, and endowing the Saint with ample domains for his future monastery. The more extravagant version, reserved by the local guides for those to whom they imagine such a tale will be acceptable as a typical instance of Irish fables, declares King O'Toole to have refused to fulfil his royal promise.



"Whereupon," conclude the voracious gentlemen, who undertake to guide and entertain the visitor, "the Saint solemnly cursed the King, and he and his six sons were at once changed into the Seven Churches of Glendalough."

It is scarcely necessary to inform the intelligent reader that the story, in whatever form, is a pure myth. In St. Kevin's time there were no O'Tooles in Wicklow. It was at a much later period that they were dispossessed of their domains in Kildare, and driven into the mountainous country around Glendalough by Sir Walter de Riddlesford. The chieftain who was, in Kevin's days, powerful in that district was one Dima, or Dymma, son to Tiagni, and King of Leinster, and the gift was one made in very different fashion from the vulgar legend that we have just narrated.

Then, as now, the respect and veneration shown to the priests and prelates of Ireland was one of the most remarkable characteristics of its loyal people. The founder of a monastery was recognized as having a right to receive from the lord of the district such lands as he might require for his new foundation. Soon after his arrival in Glendalough, Kevin sent one day a message to Dima to come to him, and bring with him his sons and all his people, that they might transfer themselves, their families, and all their property, to some other spot, since God had granted the valley of Glendalough to himself and to his monks for a perpetual habitation. Dima arrived at the appointed time, and Kevin asked him whether all his sons were there? "Eight of my sons are present," was the answer, "and my other followers, but there is a ninth son of mine who would not come with me." "What is his name?" inquired the Saint. He was told that the absentee bore the ill-sounding name of Moel-guba, or "the sorrowful bald man." "Alas, a meet name for him," said Kevin; "within a few days he will die a violent death at Kinsella; Moel-guba is his name, and sorrowful is the fate that awaits him." Then turning to Dima, he added, "You and your eight sons shall escape the hands of your enemies, and after you have done penance, you shall go to God." Thus Dima, his sons, his servants, and all his followers, gave up the vale to Kevin, and went to dwell elsewhere. Before they departed, Dima asked where the church should be built, and where the cemetery would be? The Saint led them to the site of the Reafort Church, and said to them, "O my sons, cut away the thorns and the brambles, and clear the ground which shall be

consecrated to the Most High ; in this place you will be buried, and here a temple shall arise to God, and under its altar your bones shall lie." So Dima and his sons helped to clear the ground and prepare the site of the future temple of God. But among them all there was none who laboured so strenuously to do the bidding of the Saint as the youngest of them, a boy whose name was Dicholl. To him Kevin : "O my son, thou shalt be blessed of God and men ; thou shalt be beloved by all ; and as thou hast toiled more humbly than the rest, so shalt thou and thy children be raised above them, and thou shalt rule over thy brethren." Then Dima and his sons, rejoicing in the benediction of Kevin, departed in peace to their habitations.

It was about the time of Kevin's migration from Cluain-duaich to Glendalough, that he visited St. Kieran at Clonmacnoise. Three days before his arrival, Kieran had called his monks together and had announced to them that the time for his decease grew nigh. He had asked to be carried into the church, and to be left there until Coimgen (Kevin) should come from Glendalough. Having been laid in front of the altar, he solemnly blessed his people, and while, in the words of his Life in the Book of Lismore, "angels filled all between heaven and earth" to meet him, his soul departed from his body, and his sorrowing children left his body alone in the sacred place in accordance with his command, until such time as Kevin should arrive. When Kevin came, and was admitted into the church where Kieran lay, the soul of Kieran, if we are to believe the same authority, returned to his body and made welcome to Kevin ; and the two Saints spent the whole night in holy conversation, while the wondering monks, listening without, distinctly heard the voices of them both. Then Kieran blessed Kevin, and Kevin administered the Holy Viaticum to Kieran. And Kieran gave his bell to Kevin, in sign of their unity, and as the "fee" or "scruple" of his Communion. And when the monks entered the church, they found Kieran's body still warm and ruddy in colour. They buried him with great honour, and Kevin went home to Glendalough. Whether the story about the return of Kieran's soul to his body to welcome his visitor is true, or whether it may not be that he remained still in the body communing with God, during the three days that he lay in the church, we will not attempt to determine. This at least is certain, that the two Saints met, and that Kevin

administered the last rites of the Church to the dying man, and was with him at the moment of his death. Yet the story as we have given it has this confirmation, that it is told with different details, yet substantially the same, in the Lives of both Saints.

In these earlier days of Kevin's life at Glendalough, he probably did not, as we have already said, dwell in the little house hard by the Cathedral, which was afterwards called Cro-Coimghin. The following legend proves that the first settlement of Kevin's community must have been where the Reafort Church now stands, below the Poulanass Waterfall, and not on the site of the Cathedral and the churches grouped around it.

Not long after the Saint and his community had established themselves at Glendalough, and at the time when they were preparing to provide themselves with a permanent abode, an Angel one day appeared to Kevin. "O holy man of God," he said, "God hath sent me to bid thee go hence to a place which He Himself has chosen for thee, eastward of the lower lake. There thou shalt dwell amongst thy brethren, and there shall be the place of thy resurrection." Kevin replied, "If it would not be displeasing to the Lord, I would prefer to remain to the day of my death in this place, where I have laboured for Christ." But the Angel answered, "If you and your monks shall go to the place that is shown to thee, many sons of light shall dwell there, and of earthly possessions they shall have enough, and many blessed souls shall with thee have their resurrection from thence, and shall enter into the Kingdom of God." "In this valley," was Kevin's reply, "it is impossible for many monks to dwell, unless God support them by his Almighty power." "Hear me, O man of God," rejoined the Angel, "God will maintain, if you should desire it, fifty of thy brethren after thy departure, if so be that they remain always of one heart and soul."

As the first promises of the Angel on Croagh-Patrick respecting Ireland's fidelity to the faith did not satisfy St. Patrick, so neither did the number of monks offered by the heavenly messenger satisfy Kevin. "I do not desire," he said, "that my monks after my death should be so few as this." "If thou art not satisfied with fifty," answered the Angel, "many thousands shall dwell there in prosperity and abundance, and the Lord will provide for all their earthly needs. Thou from thy seat in Heaven shalt be their helper. The place

where they dwell shall be sacred and highly honoured. It shall be enriched with gold and silver, jewels and costly vestments. Kings shall delight to do it honour, and a great city shall spring up there. The ministry of thy monks shall be so perfect that none who are buried beneath its soil shall suffer the pains of Hell. But if thou desirest it, God will remove these mountains which surround the valley, and will turn them into rich and smiling plains." To this Kevin made answer: "I would not have the creatures of God moved from their place on my account. Moreover, the animals on these mountains are all of them mild and gentle towards me, and they would be sorrowful at what thou sayest." So the Angel and Kevin went down together to see the new site, walking dryfoot over the waters of the lake. When Kevin came to examine it closely, he found it full of rocks and marshy places. "This is a rugged place," he remarked to his angelic guide; "the place is rugged, and marshy, and there is no place fitted for burial in it." "Fear not," was the answer, "these stones, though they have been immovable since the creation of the world, shall become easily moveable for thee and thy monks." And so the Angel departed from him. Some time afterwards the same Angel appeared again, and on this occasion with a positive command, "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, arise, thou and thy monks, and go to that place that the Lord has appointed for thy resurrection."

But the work of Kevin's life, the permanent establishment of the Monastery of Glendalough, needed a further time of preparation and penance and prayer. When he had laid the first foundations, and brought into order his little community, he determined to leave them for a while. Once more the same irresistible impulse that had driven him to a life of perfect solitude impelled him to desert the busy hive that was growing up at Glendalough, and to betake himself to the "desert" where he could be alone with God. It may be that knowing as he did the unspeakable importance of the work to which God had called him, he was possessed of a deep conviction that it was only by long days and nights of prayer, and by a life of penance and continual mortification, that he could obtain the graces necessary for his difficult task. The same impulse had before driven him from the monastery over which St. Owen and St. Enna ruled, and it was by his hermit's life that he had then prepared himself for the graces that God designed for him. So now again he withdrew from the company of men. About a

mile from his monastery, in a little cell which probably was the work of the Saint's own hand, he came to dwell. And at no great distance a narrow path above the lake conducted him to the other sacred spot, where it is supposed that St. Kevin's bed was also the work of St. Kevin's own hands, and that as the ancient hermits joined to their life of contemplation some manual labour, so Kevin employed himself in carving with patient labour out of the solid rock the cave that was to be for him a couch of penance, and for all ages to come an object of pious veneration, or of curious wonder. On the southern shore of the upper lake, there still remain these two memorials of the hermit's life chosen by the Saint.

To Kevin's cell a little path leads up from the mouth of the valley, in which is situated the Reafert Church. Cross the road which runs between the two lakes up to the door of the modest hostelry, which invites the traveller to rest awhile, and you cannot fail to see just in front of the inn a little path that leads into the woods that clothe the slopes of Derrybawn. Follow it for a very short distance and you will come to a circular enclosure made of rough, unhewn stones, with a simple cross in the centre of it. Here is the sacred spot whence there ascended to Heaven many a fervent prayer and longing aspiration after God from the holy founder of Glendalough. Many a long hour (hours only too short to him) St. Kevin knelt there, and prayed and poured forth his heart in the praises of God, and in acts of love to Him who had given him the privilege of assembling in that fair valley so many devoted servants of the Most High.

When you have satisfied yourself with that holy spot and all the sweet memories it carries with it, descend a little, almost to the edge of the lake, and you will find a narrow footpath that runs along at a short distance from the water's edge. That path will lead you, if you are bold enough to follow it, to the other and more striking monument of Kevin's love of penance. I say, if you are bold enough to follow it, for though the path is for the most part free from any serious difficulty, yet it has its dangers here and there. An awkward rock has to be clambered over, easy enough for those who are in the vigour of agile youth, lithe of limb and accustomed to climb, but not at all so simple for those whose hairs are already dashed with grey, or whose nervous souls dread such stumbling-blocks in their path. But the only serious peril is to be found when at length the

rocky path leads to the entrance to St. Kevin's bed. There the last half-dozen footsteps are around a corner of the rock beneath which a precipice of some forty feet runs sheer down into the lake, while the slanting surface of the rock scarce affords a sufficient hold save for those who are exceptionally sure of foot and steady of head. There is but little danger when the weather is fine and the surface of the rock is dry. But when a recent shower has moistened and rendered still more slippery the rock, where at any time the feet perchance may slide, even a practised climber is not safe. Be prudent then, O reader, if you have the good fortune to visit St. Kevin's bed, do not undertake the journey without one of those trusty guides who know each footstep in the path, and who can leap from rock to rock with feet sure as those of the mountain goat.

But the way more generally taken by visitors to St. Kevin's bed is to embark in a little boat at the end of the lake, and to keep along the shore until they are beneath the bed. Landing there a slanting path soon brings them to the entrance to the bed, though even so the last dangerous corner cannot be avoided. The rock may be seen jutting out at the top of the little path so as to hide the bed from him who is ascending. Arrived at this corner in our scrambling climb, we pause for a moment and see on our right hand a sort of rude chair cut in the rock. Sit down there, O pious visitor, ere you enter the bed itself, for to those who sit there, with faith in Kevin's power, is promised a life-long freedom from the pains of lumbago and the kindred maladies which are prone to attack many a strong man when the vigour of early youth is passed. And now a few steps more, and we find ourselves at the entrance to "Kevin's bed." It is a hole or low cavity some six feet long and three feet high, roughly chiselled out of the hard rock, and just affording sufficient room for any one to creep into on hands and knees, and lay himself out at full length therein. Tradition here again asserts that he who enters and invokes St. Kevin with confidence in the intercession of the Saint, will obtain the grace of a good death. The rock rises a little in the innermost part of the cave so as to afford a sort of stony pillow on which the head may rest. He who makes therein his bed has just room to shelter himself from the inclemency of the weather, save when the sweeping wind searches out its inmost recesses with penetrating blast. When in the early summer the opposite mountain is clad in its



brightest verdure, and the lake below basks in silver light, the outlook from St. Kevin's bed is indeed one to raise the heart to God, and by its marvellous beauty to recall to the pious soul the unspeakable glories of our heavenly country.

During his sojourn in this desert Kevin ordered that no food should be brought to him, and that none should visit him save when absolute necessity demanded it. His food was the edible roots and herbs that grow in the woods around the lake. In an old *Life of the Saint* which is to be found in Trinity College Library, it is said that long after his death there was a spot in the woods near his cell where the herbs that served him for food still continued green and fresh all the winter through.<sup>1</sup>

In the desert he would fain have dwelt until God summoned him to His more immediate presence in Heaven. Oh, happy life! one that we can appreciate, or ought to be able to appreciate, now more than ever, now that the hurry and bustle of modern life seems to have an influence fatal to that love of quiet and of prayer which won for the saints of old their greatest victories. Oh, happy life! the happiness of which is a mystery to those who live a life of worldly ambition and of sensual ease, but the joy of which those who serve God, however imperfectly, at least know well exist for His saints and chosen servants, even though they may not themselves have ever deserved to taste of its delights. It was during this time that we read that the wild animals used to cluster round his cell, and to bear him company as he walked in silent contemplation. The birds would come and perch on his head and shoulders as he knelt in prayer, and join their vocal praises to the praise of God that issued from his heart. Nay, the very leaves of the trees are said to have rippled sweet music to beguile the penance of the servant of God. On one occasion, Brandubh, the son of Echu, Prince of Leinster, was hunting in the neighbourhood of Glendalough, and pursued his game up to the oratory of the Saint. The hunted beast took shelter therein, and the dogs did not dare to enter the holy place, but lay down before the door. St. Kevin, who was praying near, took no heed of the interruption, and the huntsmen, who saw the birds circling around him and heard them singing in unison to his prayers, called off the dogs, and allowed the boar to remain undisturbed in

<sup>1</sup> After careful inquiries from the oldest inhabitants of Glendalough, I could find no trace of a tradition respecting such a spot having been handed down.

the shelter that it had chosen. Each night, during the time that he spent in his lonely cell, St. Kevin spent a full hour of prayer, immersed in the icy waters of the lake. After a time an Angel was sent by Almighty God to assuage the coldness of the water. A similar intervention is said to have saved him from a falling rock, which was held up by angelic hands until Kevin had reached a place of safety.

But Kevin had still a great work to do for others, and the increasing number of his monks made his presence among them more necessary than ever. After he had spent four years in solitude, the seniors of the monastery and a number of other holy men with them came to beg Kevin to return. The Saint at once consented, recognizing the expression of the will of God in the petition they made to him. We can well believe that it was not without a pang of regret that he left a place where he had almost had a foretaste of the joys of Paradise. Even after his return, he was often tempted to set out once more in quest of solitude. In the *Life of St. Munna*, who was Abbot of a monastery near Kinsella, it is related that that Saint one day heard two demons conversing together. "Why," asked one of them of the other, "is thy countenance so sorrowful, why art thou so pale to-day?" "Why should I not be sad?" was the reply, "seeing that I and my fellows after fighting with might and main against one man have been shamefully defeated. The place where he dwells, and which is called Glendalough, had been ours from the beginning of the world. But now, as a living man cannot live in a flaming fire, so neither can we live where he dwells, nor even pass without difficulty between the place of his abode and the heaven; for we are consumed with the flame of his prayer. However," added the demon, "we have persuaded him to go on a pilgrimage, and unless God prevent his journey, he is even now preparing to depart." St. Munna at once despatched a messenger in haste to St. Kevin to warn him of the snare prepared for him. Nor was this the only occasion on which the devil, under the guise of an angel of light, sought to persuade Kevin to desert the post where God had placed him. He actually started on another distant journey, deceived into the belief that it was the will of God that he should undertake it. On his way he bethought him of visiting St. Garban, a hermit, who lived not far from Dublin. But the holy man, on perceiving St. Kevin, cried out



to him: "O servant of God, whither goest thou? Is it not better for thee to remain in one spot serving the Lord, than to go about in thy old age, wandering from place to place? Dost thou not know that no bird can hatch her eggs while she is flying?" Whereon St. Kevin promised to return. Before doing so he paid a visit to a blind old man named Berchan, in order that he might hold converse with him on spiritual subjects. St. Berchan, having notice of the Saint's approach, ordered a bath to be prepared for him. While St. Kevin was taking the bath, Berchan asked that Kevin's wooden shoes should be brought to him, and looking at them with his blind eyes, he saw in spirit the enemy of mankind seated in them. "How dost thou dare," he cried to the tempter, "to enter into the shoes of the holy man?" To whom Satan replied, as one compelled to speak against his will: "We can persuade him to nothing, except under the appearance of good, and therefore I have entered into his shoes, that I may persuade him to desert his post and go on a long pilgrimage." Then the demon cried aloud, and begged to be permitted to depart thence, since in the presence of the servants of God he had no power. Satan received permission, and promptly departed, and the issue of the conference of the two Saints was that Kevin returned to his monastery glorifying God for saving him from the wiles of the evil one.

It seems that this temptation to leave the valley of Glendalough continually haunted Kevin. It was the temptation that was most likely to beset a man of Kevin's vigour and activity. As long as he was alone with God, he craved after nothing more. But when he dwelt amongst men, he appears to have had continually present to him a natural impulse to seek fresh fields of labour. The evil one knew well how to foster and flatter the zeal that knew no rest in the service of the Most High. One day he was sitting on a stone outside the monastery, when the devil appeared to him, hiding himself under the guise of an angel of light, and after courteously saluting him, addressed him as follows: "O, holy man, I am sent by Almighty God to counsel thee. Already the toils that thou hast borne for God have earned praise for thee in the sight of all the holy angels. And now the Lord in His love for thee commands thee to depart from this rocky valley, and to seek some place more suitable for the monks to dwell in." Then the evil one pretended to bless

Kevin, and disappeared. The apparition left the holy man in great perplexity. The tempter had assumed a form so beautiful, and withal so modest and full of dignity, that Kevin, Saint as he was, was deceived. At the same time he felt that perplexity and tormenting doubt, which is one of the signs that the influence upon him was not from one of the holy messengers, who carry messages of peace to the servants of God. The valley was indeed one that had many disadvantages, and he knew that the visitor had spoken truly in saying that the life of the monastery was pleasing to God. So he betook himself to prayer, and as he prayed, the conviction grew ever stronger and stronger that where God's providence had placed him, there he ought to remain. "God helping me," he said, when his prayer was over, "in the valley of Glendalough I will live and die, whether my life is praised by angel or by devil." Meanwhile on a mountain in the north of Ireland, near Armagh, the Abbot Comgall happened to encounter the evil one, and inquired whence he came. "From the valley of the two lakes," answered the evil one, "where dwells Kevin the austere. There he and his baneful band have been, without ceasing, doing despite to me and my servants for seven long years. I have been seeking to persuade him to depart from his habitation, but his fortitude hath broken my power. Yet I will still continue to tempt him, and seek to drive him out." Then Comgall sent some of his monks to Glendalough to tell Kevin what he had seen, and the Saint giving thanks to God, betook himself once more to prayer, and at the end of it compelled the devils to retire.

We have already mentioned how Kevin more than once raised the dead to life; this power he sometimes exerted even at a distance. One Critan had appealed to St. Kevin in some dispute, and the Saint had bound him and his opponents to stated terms of peace. After a time the quarrel broke out afresh, and it was agreed to refer the matter to Kevin. But on the road Critan was treacherously slain by his opponents, who, however, continued their journey, and arriving at St. Kevin's cell, calumniated the dead man, falsely representing him as having broken through the engagement made in the presence of the Saint. But Kevin answered in wrath, "O miserable men, what lies are these that you are telling me? You have killed Critan to-day, having basely broken your pledge; but I was present when you slew him.

Go back to him, and bid him come with you to me that you may learn how precious in the sight of Christ is the observance of good faith!" Terror-stricken the murderers obeyed, and returned to the place where Critan lay, and lo, the dead man arose and returned with them to the Saint, and while the guilty men did penance for their crime, Critan returned thanks to God for having raised him from the dead at the intercession of His servant Kevin.

Many other marvels are related in the Bollandist Life of our Saint, all of which we will not attempt to reproduce here. One night when Kevin and his monks were singing a hymn in honour of St. Patrick, those who were standing around him suddenly noticed that their Abbot was rapt in ecstasy. As soon as the hymn was done, he bade them repeat it again three times. When they had finished, Kevin said to them, "Our holy Patron, St. Patrick, has been standing in front of us, and when the hymn was finished, he gave us all his blessing." That night St. Kevin walked, from the place where they had sung, safely treading the surface of the lake to the place where the monastery afterwards stood. He thought that no one perceived him, but a certain Cronan, who is described as the tanner of the monastery, happened to be near at hand, and taking courage from his master's example, followed Kevin, and like him trod the waters with dry feet. Presently the blessed man perceived his follower: "Brother, how couldst thou venture to undertake so unaccustomed a journey without my permission? Your bones indeed shall not rest in the place that God has chosen for me. But fear not, thou shalt rest with me in Heaven."

Other stories tell of the mercy of God to sinners, others of the vengeance with which He overtakes evil-doers. Among the former is one of a soldier who lived a careless life, but always invoked the aid of Kevin in any distress. This man having died in mortal sin, was being carried off by the demons to the punishment he had deserved. But an Angel having warned Kevin of the fate of his unhappy client, he engaged in so fierce a conflict with the evil spirits for their prisoner, that after a long struggle they were fain to yield, and the soldier (having, we presume, returned to the body and made his peace with God) was released from their power, and at length admitted to the Heavenly Paradise. Another legend tells of a company of minstrels, who came to the monastery

and asked for hospitality. Unfortunately, there was nothing in the monastery save only a little grain. So Kevin sent one of the monks to sow the grain, promising that before evening it should have grown up and ripened and borne fruit. Meanwhile he sought by pleasant and friendly talk to beguile the time for his visitors. But they grew impatient, and finally departed, casting many reproaches on Kevin and his monks. They had not, however, proceeded far when, lo, their harps were changed into stones, and fell from the minstrels' hands, and now they may be seen at the ford over the river, large, flat, harp-shaped stones. The grain meantime grew up and gave good harvest, and fed the monastery for many a day to come.

It is not easy in these stories and many such to sift the truth from the accretion of legend. One thing, however, is certain, that Kevin had a power with God that is not very common even among the Saints. A singular testimony to his sanctity is put into the mouth of St. Columbkille. The two Saints met at Usneach, in Meath, and Columbkille remained standing in his presence to do him honour. Some who were there reproached him with what seemed to them unnecessary deference. "O foolish men," replied Columbkille, "should we not rise up in the presence of Kevin, the servant of God, when at his approach the very angels in Heaven rise up to do him honour?"

But at length the time came for Kevin to die. God had granted him the favour, among many others, of being allowed to remain a denizen of this valley of tears until such time as he should himself petition to be released from his mortal body. He had long ago passed the ordinary term of mortal life, and had desired to depart, but as long as he believed that it was to the greater glory of God that he should remain among his brethren, he would not offer the prayer for his deliverance. But now he knew that the appointed hour had come. So he called twelve of his religious brothers, and sent them to the spot of which we have already spoken, where St. Patrick had appeared to him, and ordered them to pray there that God would grant the petition that he was about to make. The monks obeyed, but great was their sorrow when they learned that they had been unwittingly praying for the death of their master. Kevin consoled them, saying that his life among them had been a foretaste of the Kingdom of God. So

after many exhortations to be faithful to their Rule, and words of encouragement and hope, he blessed them, and bid farewell to the concerns of earth. In a cell at Delgany lived a holy hermit named St. Mocherog, commonly called Mocherog the Briton, on account of his Welsh descent. St. Mocherog was called to administer the last rites to Kevin. After receiving Viaticum, Kevin peacefully fell asleep in Christ, in the midst of his sorrowing community, on June 3, 617.

We have not spoken yet of the "Seven Churches," which are bound up with the memory of Kevin. We cannot attempt any sort of detailed description of them; this we must leave to the antiquary and the ecclesiologist. Yet as the holy places of Ireland are sanctified not merely by the holy men who dwelt there, but also by the clean oblation and Holy Sacrifice so often offered there by their holy hands, we must not pass over some mention of these churches. To these and to the subsequent history of Glendalough, we will devote our next article.

R. F. C.

## *The Phenomena of Hypnosis.*

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THE scientific study of those curious nervous phenomena which go by the name of Hypnotism is a matter of comparatively recent date. Previous to the year 1841, when a Manchester physician, Dr. James Braid, first devoted his attention to their study, the subject was regarded, more or less, as the stock-in-trade of the charlatan and utterly unworthy of serious consideration; and even at the present day the great bulk of people look on mesmerism, as it is popularly termed, in very much the same light. The numerous frauds which have been committed in its name lend some justification to this attitude. From Mesmer down to the present time we find the charlatan constantly exploiting its phenomena, and its "professors" as a rule are not those to whom public confidence is usually due. Over and over again have impostors been detected; and their exposure has led to an almost invincible scepticism on the part of most people. In this category the vast bulk of the medical profession had to be included until the researches of Braid showed that all was not trickery and that many things in the despised mesmerism were well worthy of the attention of the scientist.

Previous to the investigations of Braid the subject had been studied by many, but on a wrong basis. In very early periods the effects we now attribute to hypnotism and suggestion were almost universally attributed to magic or witchcraft, and in the present day many of those burnt at the stake would be treated by physicians as rather bad cases of hysteria. With Mesmer we begin the second period, the period of influence. In the year 1779, this remarkable man came to Paris, and published a pamphlet in which he claimed to have discovered a principle by which all diseases could be cured, the principle of *animal magnetism*, a subtle fluid possessed in varying quantities by different bodies and present in an especial manner in man. He had the good fortune to convert



the physician of the Comte d'Artois, Deslon, to his views; and thanks to his influence Mesmer became the rage in Paris. So great was the number of his patients that he was unable to "magnetize" each separately, and to meet the difficulty invented the famous *baquet* or magnetic tub round which they sat, and in virtue of whose magnetism they were cured, after passing through various nervous crises. The number of cures wrought attracted the notice of the French Government, and negotiations were entered into for the purchase of the wonderful secret for the benefit of the nation. A commission was appointed to examine into the genuineness of the cures; and their report pronounced definitely against Mesmer's claims after they had been investigated with great care. In their public report they state that they have been unable to detect the supposed animal magnetism by any conclusive test, and attribute the results obtained to the influence of the imagination. In their secret report, they point out very strongly the dangers likely to arise from this unhealthy stimulation of the imagination. Among the Commissioners were Franklin, Lavoisier, Bailly, and Guillotin. These adverse reports had the effect of driving Mesmer from France, but failed to give the *coup de grâce* to his theories. One of his disciples, the Marquis de Puysegur, carried on the tradition; and in the course of his experiments discovered the curious state of artificial somnambulism which can be induced in certain subjects. The remarkable exaltation of sensibility which occurs in this state, led to most extraordinary theories of clairvoyance being put forward, and most extravagant claims made by certain magnetizers. It was pretended that clairvoyants could read sealed letters, and do a hundred other things of a similar preternatural description, at all of which they failed notoriously when put to any adequate test. Yet so convinced were many people in the possibility of these semi-miraculous feats that even the celebrated Dominican, Father Lacordaire, in one of his sermons at Notre Dame, in 1846, declared that magnetism was a phenomenon of the prophetic order, and went on to say, "Thrown into an artificial sleep, man can see through opaque bodies, he indicates healing remedies, and appears to know things of which he was previously ignorant." The spread of these opinions gave just alarm at Rome: and in 1856, the Holy Roman Inquisition issued a rescript on the subject. This document points out that while the use of magnetism within

due limits may be permitted, all experiments made to obtain a result which is foreign to the natural order are unlawful; and attempts at divination clearly fall within this category. At the same time that there was a great deal of imposture mixed up with established facts was conclusively shown by the experiments conducted by the French Academy of Medicine, in which the vaunted claims of many clairvoyants were exposed. The results of their inquiries led the French doctors to reject mesmerism altogether, as unworthy of scientific notice.

At the time when this adverse conclusion was arrived at, Dr. James Braid was engaged in putting the question on its proper footing. He had attended one of the many public *seances* of mesmerism, so common at that time; and was impelled by curiosity to repeat for himself some of the experiments he had witnessed, as he was convinced that the results were due to some clever imposture. The success he met with convinced him of the genuine character of the phenomena, and he was led to make further investigations into their nature and their bearing on nervous diseases. He soon perceived that the old theory of influence or magnetism was untenable, and that the phenomena were much more subjective than objective in their origin. He recognized the close analogy existing between the facts he observed and those of somnambulism, an analogy which he fixed in the nomenclature of the subject by re-naming it *hypnotism* (*ὑπνος*, sleep). This change of title brought with it a change of method, a change from the practices of the mountebank to the scientific processes of observation and experiment.

The labours of Braid met with but scant recognition in England, although his theories were adopted by such an eminent physiologist as Carpenter. In the year 1842, he brought his discoveries under the notice of the medical section of the British Association, and offered to repeat his experiments before its members, but they declined his offer. In America, his experiments were repeated by Grimes, who noted that some of his subjects could be affected by suggestion, and that they could be thrown into the trance by that means. This was in 1848, and it appears that Grimes was unacquainted with Braid's discoveries. In France, in 1850, the question was brought into public notice by Azam, a Bordeaux surgeon, who had made a very remarkable series of experiments on one



of his patients, who suffered from a singular combination of spontaneous catalepsy, anæsthesia, and hyperæsthesia; and several of these he had repeated with success on others. Other independent observers, the chief of whom were Demarquay, Giraud-Teulon, Liébault, and Durand de Gros, followed up the subject on similar lines, and their observations confirmed Braid's work in all its chief features. The systematic study of hypnosis, however, did not properly begin until the year 1878, when the celebrated M. Charcot made its study a speciality at La Salpêtrière. About the same time the great school of Nancy came into prominence with their wondrous experiments on suggestion, and their vigorous discussions as to the cause and nature of hypnotism with the doctors of the great Paris school. In Germany, Italy, and England, attention was aroused, and numerous observers began to furnish their contributions to the general store of knowledge. The light which their experiments have thrown on the nature of the various forms of nervous disease is of no slight value to the physician, while to the psychologist their researches have proved a mine of wealth. Up to the present, it has been a constant reproach that the method of observation and experiment is inapplicable in the study of psychology; but, be this reproach deserved or not, hypnotism claims to have gone far to blunt its edge in giving us a direct means of inquiry into many psychic problems, while in itself it supplies a most interesting subject of inquiry.

Before proceeding to give any detailed account of the methods and phenomena of hypnotism, it is necessary to point out that the very first authorities are at war as to the nature and causes of this peculiar nervous state. The doctors at Nancy and those at Paris differ very profoundly; the latter seeking rather a physical explanation, the former a psychical one. The Paris school see in the phenomena the manifestation of a nervous disorder, and have based their experiments mainly on this hypothesis; those at Nancy look to suggestion, or action on the subject through the imagination by words, signs, or otherwise, to furnish an explanation for everything. Whichever view we may be inclined to adopt, we cannot exclude from our notice the facts alleged on the other side; and thus, however much we may be inclined to regard suggestion as the "be all and end all" of hypnotism, we cannot shut our eyes to the facts brought forward by the Paris doctors in support of their theory of hypnosis as a true morbid state. In prudence too we

are bound to give attention to the warnings of the Salpêtrière school, furnished by the nature of their experiments and the class of subjects on whom they are tried. The extraordinary sensitiveness displayed by hypnotic patients, their tendency to convulsive fits on the smallest provocation, to say nothing of the risk of permanent injury to the nervous system from prolonged trials of this sort, point out that the process of hypnotism is attended with very considerable danger. No one unacquainted with nervous diseases should dream of attempting experiments of the kind, and no healthy person who desires to retain his nervous system in sound order should submit to them. In several of the Continental States these dangers have been clearly recognized, and it is a criminal offence for any one not a qualified physician to practise hypnotism. When we come to consider suggestion in its various bearings, we will see that the dangers are not physical merely. Injury of a very serious character can be inflicted on the moral nature of the subject, his power of will can be weakened in a marked degree. Experience has shown that the prospect of this terrible danger is not something merely visionary; and it ought to impose a prompt check on those whom curiosity would impel to dabble in experiments on hypnotism.

A great variety of processes exist by which a suitable subject can be hypnotized. In the experiments of Braid the *modus operandi* was the fixing of the gaze on an object held in such a position that a strain was put on the subject's eyes. After a short time spent thus, the eyes become humid and the pupils dilate; in a brief period the head falls back, and the subject enters into a state of lethargy. Another mode, and one more commonly employed, is the system of passes, so well known to all who have attended any public exhibition of mesmerism. These mysterious movements long led people to believe that the results were due to some wonderful fluid which proceeded from the operator, but the production of precisely similar effects from simply gazing at an object held close to the eyes has rather dissipated this notion. It is quite possible to hypnotize oneself in such a manner, and there have been not a few cases of such auto-hypnotization. In a method analogous to Braid's, often termed Fascination, which consists in the subject gazing fixedly into the operator's eyes, we have often the hypnotizer hypnotized, the mutual gaze affecting the operator and not the subject. Strong sensations of various kinds have also this power over

many people ; a sudden light flashed on the eyes, the noise of a gong, throw them into a state of catalepsy. Moderate sensations when prolonged, as for example the tick of a watch, or the soft sound of a feeble musical note, have often the same effect, but as a rule these only affect a small number of subjects who are either naturally predisposed, or who have become so through a prolonged course of hypnotism. The senses of smell, taste, and touch can also be made use of, the latter in particular, by a sudden pressure on certain portions of the body, which vary in each subject, and which have been termed hypnogenic zones. In addition to these purely physical methods, hypnosis can often be induced by suggestion. The famous Abbé Faria, who flourished about 1813, was accustomed to place his subject in a chair, and having told him to close his eyes, bade him, in a commanding voice, to sleep. He met with great success in his public exhibitions, and reaped the usual fruits, until a certain actor offered himself for experiment, and pretending to sleep as commanded, got up with a laugh in the middle of the experiment, and called out : "You don't put many to sleep, Monsieur l'Abbé, if you magnetize every one as you have magnetized me !" The poor Abbé lost all his prestige in consequence of this piece of humour.

Braid has called attention to the fact that, in his experiments, the personality of the operator played no slight part ; and this personal element led previous observers to attribute the phenomena to some influence which emanated from the operator. The school of Nancy explain its presence in hypnosis by suggestion, which, they contend, implicitly or explicitly enters into every process, and is a necessary element of success. Charcot and his followers, on the other hand, state that the hypnotic states can be produced without its aid, and their experiments establish beyond all reasonable doubt that the mere operation of physical agencies can effectually hypnotize. At the same time it cannot be denied that in all ordinary experiments, where special care is not taken, the influence of suggestion is very marked, whether it be explicit, or merely a form of expectant attention. It will also be noted that in all the methods, with the exception of suggestion, there is involved some powerful action on some one set of nerves. This may take the form either of a sudden shock, or a prolonged and fatiguing act of attention ; the flash of light and the beating of a gong belonging to the former category, the fixing of the gaze,

or the attentive listening to the monotonous tick of a watch, to the latter.

The process of hypnotizing is very simple in appearance, yet there are happily many difficulties in its application. In the first place, the number of persons readily amenable to its influence is fortunately rather limited. In his recent work on the subject, Dr. Paul Marin states that, out of one hundred persons taken at random, seventy cannot be hypnotized, and of the thirty who remained, fifteen do not pass beyond the state of lethargy, or catalepsy. Thus fifteen alone out of the hundred can reach the stage of somnambulism. In making this low estimate, cases of true hypnosis are alone included, as the experiments of MM. Liébeault, Bernheim, and Liégeois go to show that a light form of sleep can be induced in almost every one, a form which differs so little from natural sleep as only to be termed hypnosis by a stretch of language. Of these suitable subjects, by far the greater number are those whose nervous system is extremely impressionable, as in persons of nervous and hysterical temperaments. We must not, however, assume that the presence of these nervous affections, or neuroses, is indispensable to success, as experience has shown that some of the strongest and healthiest people are readily hypnotized, yet, as a general rule, the most successful experiments are made with those whose nervous system is disordered.

As hysteria is a rare disease among men while common enough among women, it follows that a larger proportion of women are susceptible, but there is little difference between women in thoroughly good health, unaffected with "nerves," and men of an equal degree of health. "In general," says M. Ch. Richet, "those women are very favourable subjects who are of small stature, brunettes, with black eyes, abundant black hair, and thick eyebrows. We often succeed with pale and lymphatic women, and fail with those who are of very nervous temperaments. On the whole, those are most amenable to the influence of magnetism who are delicate, nervous, sickly, the victims of some chronic malady." Age, too, is an element of very great importance. Between the ages of seven and fourteen, according to Dr. Marin, we find the greatest number of somnambulists, and then between the years of four and seven, and fourteen and twenty-one. The number diminishes after that up to the age of sixty, when the proportion becomes higher.

In the second place, the somewhat common belief that

persons can be hypnotized against their will is quite a mistaken one. This notion is absolutely false with regard to the first attempts to hypnotize the vast majority of subjects, and their active co-operation is so necessary that, if they resist the operator in any way, the experiment is almost certain to fail. In a few rare cases success might be possible, when, for instance, the subject is of a highly nervous nature, and presents no active resistance. The case is altered when the subject has been repeatedly hypnotized, as then a habit is developed which renders opposition practically impossible. A noteworthy case in point occurred at one of the hospitals, I think it was La Salpêtrière, where they were accustomed to employ the deafening sound of a Chinese gong to hypnotize certain patients. A set of photographs had been stolen, and no clue was had to the thief. One morning a short time after the gong had been sounded, one of the physicians entered the room where the photographs were kept, and, much to his surprise, saw one of the patients with her hand in the photograph drawer in a state of complete catalepsy. Evidently, she had been hypnotized by the crash of the gong before she had time to remove her hand.

The phenomena of hypnosis may be divided into two great classes, those produced by purely physical means, and those which result from suggestion. The former have been very completely studied by Charcot and his school, the latter by those at Nancy. It is of course somewhat difficult to eliminate the influence of suggestion from experiments of the first class, especially if often repeated, yet the great skill of the Paris experimenters, and the rigorous tests they employ to detect simulation, put the results they have obtained beyond all reasonable doubt.

The hypnotic sleep is capable of great variation, ranging from the lightest somnolence to the most profound trance. The temperaments of the subjects, the methods employed, have all distinct influence on the resulting state. Only with the most suitable subjects are the higher phenomena developed, and in general the hypnosis is of a very mixed order. In M. Charcot's researches, the following rules were carefully observed:

1. To choose those subjects for experiment whose physiological and pathological conditions are well known to resemble each other.

2. To submit the different experimental conditions to a rigorous law.
3. To proceed from the simple to the compound, from the known to the unknown.
4. To guard carefully against simulation.
5. To be chiefly occupied with simple cases, that is, with those in which the different phenomena appear to be most distinct and isolated from each other.
6. To follow the methods pursued in the scientific study of disease by classing these different phenomena in natural series, so as to establish several subdivisions in the great group of facts collected under the name of hypnotism.

As a result of this process, the school of La Salpêtrière classes the facts observed under three heads, lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism. The full development of these three morbid states appears in but few subjects. We have seen that only fifteen per cent. of persons can reach the stage of somnambulism, and of this fifteen only about two are perfectly susceptible to suggestion. At La Salpêtrière those subjects as a rule were chosen for experiment whose nervous state, chiefly hysteria or hystero-epilepsy, enabled the phenomena to appear in the most perfect form.

A suitable subject, when hypnotized, may pass immediately into any of the three states. In general, the milder methods develop somnambulism or lethargy; the more violent, such as the beating of a gong, produce catalepsy. A change from one state to another is readily brought about by suitable manipulation; the opening of the eyes in lethargy renders the subject cataleptic, a slight friction on the scalp changes catalepsy into somnambulism. In this connection it is possible to show by experiment the dual nature and function of the brain. One whole side of the body can be rendered somnambulist, while the other remains cataleptic if we confine the friction on the scalp to one side only; and similarly, by closing one eye of the somnambulist we can throw one-half of his body into the cataleptic state.

Artificial lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism present very well marked distinctions. MM. Binet and Féré have described the first state as one in which "the patient appears to be in the deepest sleep; the eyes are closed, or half-closed, the eyelids quiver, the face is impassible and expressionless. The body is perfectly helpless; the head is thrown back; the



limbs hang slackly down, and if they are raised and again dropped, they fall heavily into the same position." The chief feature is the strong reaction of the muscles under direct mechanical excitement, and strong flexures of the different limbs can be produced by kneading the appropriate muscles. All the striped or striated, or, as they are sometimes called, voluntary muscles, respond to such action; those of the chest and abdomen form no exception, and without an accurate knowledge of anatomy, there is no slight risk in trying these experiments. By acting in a similar manner on the peripheral or surface nerve trunks, we get the same results, but in a much wider form, as all the muscles innervated share in the contraction. To this phenomenon of muscular excitation, M. Charcot gave the name of neuro-muscular hyperexcitability, and it constitutes the characteristic feature of the lethargic state in hypnosis.

The state of artificial catalepsy is one of the great tests of true hypnosis. In the other forms we may have simulation to a greater or less extent, but in catalepsy this is beyond human power. Its grand feature is a plastic immobility, by which the subject can maintain all the attitudes given to his body and limbs. By attaching a registering apparatus to one of his arms extended at full length, and to his chest, we find that in true hypnosis, as in genuine catalepsy, the cylinders register a straight line for the hand, and a regular curve for the chest movement, thus showing that there was no movement in the former and that the breathing was regular. In the case of simulation the registers are widely different; the chest curve is wildly irregular, as the exertion of keeping the arm stretched out has quickened the breathing, and the broken line for the hand shows the tremor which might have escaped the eye. In this state those contractures which characterize lethargy are absent, and we have instead a curious species of muscular suggestion. The operator, by placing the subject in various attitudes, can arouse in him appropriate hallucinations; the subject assumes, when placed on his knees, a pious aspect of countenance, which changes to that of anger when his fist is clenched.

The third state is that of artificial somnambulism, and is best shown in those subjects who suffer from epileptic hysteria. In it, according to M. Charcot, "the eyes are closed or half-closed; the eyelids generally quiver; when left to himself the

subject seems to be asleep, but even in this case the limbs are not in such a pronounced state of relaxation as when we have to do with lethargy. Neuro-muscular hyperexcitability does not exist; in other words, excitement of the nerves or of the muscles themselves, and percussion of the tendons, do not produce contracture. The skin is insensible to pain, but this is combined with hyperæsthesia (or excessive keenness) of some forms of cutaneous sensibility, of the muscular sense, and of the special senses of sight, hearing, and smell." Contracture can be excited, not by acting on the muscles as in lethargy, but by lightly touching or stroking the skin, or by gently breathing on it. The action produced is much more widespread than in the case of lethargy; there is a difference, too, in the mode of relaxing the contracture, by renewing the stimulus which caused it, whereas in lethargy the muscle is relaxed by bringing the opposing muscle into action. The main feature of somnambulism, from a physiological point of view, is the hyperæsthesia of the special senses. In lethargy they are completely suspended, with perhaps the occasional exception of the sense of hearing, which is sometimes retained as in sleep; and they have only partial activity in catalepsy, though the so-called muscular sense retains all its vigour; in somnambulism, however, they are extraordinarily keen. Braid mentions a subject feeling the cold produced by breathing from the mouth at a distance of several yards; Berger gives an instance of Weber's compasses producing a two-fold sensation with a deviation of only 3°, where in the waking state 18° were necessary. Hearing and sight become wonderfully acute; a conversation carried on in the room below was heard by a patient of Azam's, and there are instances of the range of vision being doubled.

The most extraordinary instance, perhaps, is that related by Dr. Taguet of a patient of his aged nineteen. "Noëlie was hypnotized by fixing her glance on a visiting-card which we tore up into a certain number of pieces almost immediately after. While she was kept on her bed by sheer force, we went into the next room and hid them under the carpet, behind the furniture, in glasses and flower-pots, in the stove, and in the pockets of those present; we then returned to the patient with only a single piece of the card, which we gave her. She smelt it several times, hesitated a moment, and then rushed into the room, sniffing like a hound; she stops, sniffs again, and, after a few attempts, utters a cry of joy at the discovery of one of



the precious fragments. She made no sign when passing those persons and objects where nothing was hid ; before the rest she stopped, and did not depart till she had obtained what she wanted. It was quite useless to protest, or to keep her off, or push her away. When she had discovered a certain number of these pieces she tried to put them together, counted them, added the total to the number she had yet to find, the result corresponded to what we knew it to be. . . . While the patient was completely engrossed in her endeavours to reconstruct the visiting card, we threw a bandage over her eyes ; she still continued her work, and after a few attempts succeeded in giving its proper place to each piece. While her vision was thus mechanically interrupted, we made a sign to one of those present to remove one of the bits of card ; the patient at first noticed nothing, but soon looked bothered and counted the pieces over again, then she suddenly frowned, looked furious, and flung herself on the thief like a mad woman, screaming, gesticulating, and beat him brutally as long as he kept her property. If he had left the room, she followed in his track, lost the scent, recovered it again, and, as a general rule, found his hiding-place very quickly with no other guide than the sense of smell."

The phenomena shown in these states point very clearly to the morbid character of hypnosis, as we have in the three states very close analogies to certain conditions of disease. The artificial catalepsy and lethargy developed in hypnosis, when at all perfect, present symptoms practically identical with those of the corresponding diseases. In the stage of somnambulism also we have a close correspondence with natural sleep-walking, which latter can hardly be considered a healthy state. The peculiar forms of anæsthesia and hyperæsthesia developed in it are often startlingly similar to the nervous outbreaks in hysteria, in which neurose we have often large portions of the body completely insensible and other portions possessed of an exquisitely painful sensitiveness. The kinship of hypnosis with hysteria is further shown in the ease with which hysterical patients, as a rule, are hypnotized, and the perfection with which they manifest the more delicate phenomena in comparison with those whose nerves are in a more normal state. This difference between healthy and hysterical subjects is strongly manifest in the more elaborate experiments in suggestion, most of which fail with normal temperaments, and succeed with hysterical subjects.

Prolonged and frequent seances of hypnotism tend, moreover, to develop a highly wrought nervous condition in which the subject has little or no self-control and can be rendered cataleptic or somnambulist with hardly an effort. All those characteristics go to show that hypnosis is a true malady of the nerves. The practice of such experiments by physicians is one that we do not presume absolutely to condemn, but it is well to remind the reader that their effect is in most cases prejudicial to the moral character and strength of purpose, to say nothing of the facilities it affords for undue and unhealthy influence on the part of the operator over those who have been hypnotized.

In another paper I purpose giving a brief account of the more interesting facts of suggestion which the researches of the schools of Paris and Nancy have furnished us with, and which throw such light on many obscure points in medicine and psychology.

J. F. W. H.

## *Lux Mundi: On the Nature of Faith.*

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IT is not strange that the publication of the *Lux Mundi* should have caused excitement. The appearance of the book marks a new and significant departure. Its views are not indeed novel in themselves, and have been commonly accepted by the Broad Church section of the Anglican clergy. What is significant is that views hitherto deemed to be so distinctively rationalistic should now be receiving sanction at the very head-quarters of the High Church movement. Seven out of the ten contributors are directly, and all indirectly, connected with Keble College—the College established expressly in order that it might be the home and the radiating centre of a doctrinal system whose professed watchword is submission to Church authority and adherence to ancient ways. Nor is this all. We have spoken of the publication as marking a new departure. It would be more exact to say that it reveals the existence of one already taken and by this time well established. The men who write are the acknowledged leaders of the younger generation of their party, and they tell us that they are now only giving to the world views which they have been recommending less publicly to individual inquirers for the last fifteen years.

The writers found themselves at Oxford together between the years 1875—1885, engaged in the common work of University education; and compelled for their own sake, no less than that of others, to attempt to put the Catholic faith into its right relation to modern intellectual and moral problems. Such common necessity and effort led to not unfrequent meetings, in which a common body of thought and sentiment, and a common method of commending the faith to the acceptance of others, tended to form itself. We, who once enjoyed this happy companionship, are now for the most part separated. But at least some result of our temporary association remains which it is hoped may justify and explain the present volume.<sup>1</sup>

If, however, the establishment of this new tendency is full of anxious omen for the religious future of Anglicanism,

<sup>1</sup> *Lux Mundi*, Preface.

nevertheless it cannot be deemed surprising. Rationalistic philosophy and criticism has forced to the front questions and arguments which address a serious challenge to some of the most fundamental articles of the Christian Creed. None save the ignorant can venture to make light of the challenge, and reflective students imperatively demand to have their attitude in regard to it intelligibly defined. On University men, particularly on those who are marked out by their position as the natural religious guides of the younger generation, this demand must needs press with peculiar urgency. It could hardly fail to impel them to such an endeavour as they have undertaken, to readjust their theological conceptions to the new science and criticism. The endeavour is thus worthy of all respect, and for our part we are prepared to extend our full sympathy to the actuating motives of these essayists. It is clear enough from their pages that they are no mere lovers of novelty, writing with an inadequate sense of the responsibility attaching to their position, but, on the contrary, what they describe themselves to be, men thoroughly in earnest, constrained to write just because their sense of responsibility is so strong, only anxious to succour distressed faith and to show that, notwithstanding the many confident allegations to the contrary, Jesus Christ still is and will continue to be the "Light of the World."

And yet, though the purpose is commendable, we cannot accept the result as satisfactory. There is too much reason for the alarm with which this new manifesto is regarded by Canon Liddon. There is too much ground for fear lest after all distressed faith should find only further distress instead of succour in the professed remedy; lest the conclusion drawn by perplexed readers should be that the Light of the World must in truth be going out, if the exigencies of modern thought are deemed even by men holding the position of the essayists, to require so much "disencumbering, reinterpreting, explaining" of doctrines hitherto cherished as vital. It is the old story; or rather it is a new phase in the inevitable process which is dissolving away all intermediate forms of Christianity and setting face to face the two real antagonists, between whom must be the final encounter—the unbelief of the day on the one side and the Holy Catholic Church on the other. The current objections which are in seeming conflict with the received Christian dogmas proceed partly from the discovery of fresh facts and from real advances in

secular knowledge, mainly from misconceptions of thought. Both sorts can be met in a manner sufficient to afford to the mind a rational basis for its assent; but they cannot be met from the Anglican standpoint. Of the former class a portion may perhaps be destined to stand out for some time without any adequate solutions to meet them directly. They can, however, be met indirectly by the large preponderance of countervailing evidence derivable from a well-founded conception of Church authority, and this is just what Catholics can fall back upon and Anglicans cannot. In regard, therefore, to objections of this class Anglicanism and Catholicism stand in a fundamentally different position. It is by the necessity of its own false position that Anglicanism is unable to offer the mind any rational basis on which it can establish itself so as to oppose the authority of God to those facts which to human eyes may for the time seem difficult to reconcile with Christian faith. In regard to the second category of objections, of those, namely, which spring from inaccuracies of thought, the difference between Anglicans and ourselves springs out of their lack of any true philosophy. They have, as a matter of fact, no sound philosophical system, and are accordingly unable to draw the fine distinctions and frame the precise definitions through which alone is the outlet from the seeming contradictions. We, on the contrary, have all this in that most perfect instrument of thought, the scholastic philosophy.

Such being the nature of the crisis brought on by the publication of the *Lux Mundi*, it is clearly desirable that its contents should be examined and judged from a Catholic standpoint. This we propose to do, or at all events to examine the more important of the essays. At present we confine ourselves to the one which heads the list.

Canon Scott Holland's Essay on Faith properly occupies the first place, as it deals with a question which underlies all the rest. Its purport is this. Faith is now-a-days challenged in such various ways; by new social needs, by strange developments of civilization, by new scientific methods, by new worlds of facts, which have changed the entire look of the earth, by strange fashions of speech in science and history, by a babel of unknown tongues in all departments of learning and literature. All these require to be assimilated by faith and harmonized with its own necessary conceptions, and yet at the same time they protest through a thousand mouths that the assimilation

and harmony is impossible. The result is that there arises in the believing mind, while it labours over the task of solution, a trepidation more or less acknowledged and expressed lest perhaps the solution should not be forthcoming: and this trepidation grows as one and another of the attempts at solution favoured and relied on for a while are found on maturer reflexion to collapse. Nor is this all. Were there nothing further, Christian men might only be stimulated to more active industry in the hope that at length the desired consummation of a complete harmony might be obtained. But the still more alarming question arises, If there is this trepidation, is faith still existent? Is it not of the essence of faith that it should show implicit confidence? Are not these qualms and anxieties evidence that faith is no longer there, that it is already extinct? And then again, as if in confirmation of the terrible suspicion, comes pressing upon a man's mind the "sharp contrast between the triumphant solidity with which scientific facts bear down upon it, certified, undeniable, substantial, and the vague, shifty, indistinct phantom, into which his conviction vanishes as soon as he attempts to observe it in itself, or to draw it out for public inspection."

It will be observed that the writer does not assume that the objections now pressing are incapable of answer. On the contrary, the express purpose of the book is to demonstrate, at least to the satisfaction of the writers, that the imagined conflict between faith and the new science is unreal. The difficulty with which the first essayist grapples is one which seems to him to arise not from the issue of the encounter, but from the sheer fact of the challenge. "What has happened is not that faith has been confounded, but that it has been challenged."

Canon Scott Holland has a rich command of language, but his style is one more adapted for oratorical amplification than for scientific statement. It is doubtful whether any of his readers will catch his thought with precision: doubtful perhaps whether he has a distinct apprehension of it himself. We at all events find ourselves in a difficulty when required to epitomize and to set forth his theory on faith in words other than his own. However, the following account seems to be a faithful rendering of his meaning. Faith, he urges, is not compromised by the breakdown of the defences which reason may at any time set up in its behalf. These have only a



corroborative purpose, and do not furnish faith with its intrinsic justification. The validity of its assent is dependent not on the demonstration of reason, but on its own inherent witness. It is its own evidence, and creates its own specific assurance. This assurance is intelligible and able to furnish complete mental satisfaction to those who have felt it. If faith cannot go further and express the character and degree of the assurance in terms of language which may interpret it adequately to others, this is a necessity of its nature which it shares with every other primary intuition. You cannot put into words a definition of sight or feeling, of will or love. You can only give indications which will be intelligible to those who have experience, and unintelligible to those who have not experience, of what it is to see and feel, to will and love. And in like manner you cannot define faith. You can only indicate it inadequately by some of its attendant conditions and effects, and this will enable those who have it to identify it in their own consciousness: but except in so far as there is a consciousness to which they can refer, the explanation offered to others will necessarily be found unintelligible.

Still although faith has grounds of assurance independent of any which the reason may offer, the verdict of faith must always be in accord with the sound verdict of reason. This follows because both are founded on truth, and the result is that the progressive exercise of reason will exhibit an increasing tendency to verify the beliefs of faith. The complete verification is not, however, to be expected in a hurry, or indeed at all within the confines of the present life. Faith lies at the root of a life which it will take eternity to fulfil. Only, therefore, in and through eternity can its full evidence for itself be produced in the court of reason and its right interpretation be yielded. When this is realized it is seen at once to be no matter of surprise that faith should outrun reason, giving in its absolute adhesion and professing the fullest certainty, when reason can as yet discover only greater or less probabilities and recommend only provisional assents. Reason from the nature of the case cannot as yet discover certainties in support of faith; for certainty implies a full survey of the evidence, and until time is over and eternity has commenced the evidences of the life to which faith witnesses must needs be incomplete. In the estimation of reason, therefore, faith must ever appear to be making ventures, to be venturing on to domains uncertified by

the warrant of the evidence: whereas in fact it is always keeping safely within the area illumined by its own inner light.

And if any one is disposed to demur against this claim on the part of faith to be independent of reason, and to dispute the reality of the inner light to which faith appeals, it is incumbent on him to observe that if faith and reason are to enter into competition as rival candidates for supreme dominion, reason, not faith, will have to give place. In the last resort the entire edifice of reason rests on the assumptions, that is to say on the ventures, of faith. It is faith, not reason, which furnishes the guarantee of truth to such primary assumptions as the validity of our cognitive faculties, of the objective soundness of the first principles whence they start, of the conformity of their presentations with the realities of the outside world. Faith makes its venturesome experiment, and confidently predicts that these assumptions will be found to hold true, although as yet there is no sufficient evidence in their support. And then reason proceeds to build on the assumptions of faith, and goes on accumulating experiences, which never fail to prove verifications of the original anticipation, and yet can never exhaust the faith of its venture.<sup>1</sup>

But what are the conditions to the rise and exercise of faith? Wherein lie its grounds and the justification of its claim? This is the question which in due course Canon Scott Holland asks himself. We had better give the answer as much as possible in his own words. He writes as follows:

We stand by the necessities of our existence in the relationship of sons to a Father, who has poured out into us, and still pours, the vigour of His own life. This is the one basis of our faith. Unless this relationship actually exists, there could be no faith; if it exists,

<sup>1</sup> As we shall not have the opportunity of returning to this claim on behalf of faith to go beyond the domain of religious truth and even to underlie and impart validity to the primary assumptions of reason, we must say at once that the claim cannot be allowed. The theory is very prevalent among orthodox Anglicans, and was originally propounded by the Scotch school of philosophy, of which Reid and Dugald Stewart were the founders. But it is baseless, illogical, and issues in rank scepticism. It is baseless, because there is no producible warrant for the supposition. It is illogical, because it involves the vicious circle of assuming that God would not deceive when as yet the cognitive process has not gone far enough to obtain proof of God's existence. It must issue in scepticism, because being itself an unfounded assumption, it can only impart the character of unfounded assumption to the further knowledge built upon it. The true explanation of the assent given to first principles and to the validity of the various faculties of knowledge, is that they are seen to be true in the light of the immediate intrinsic evidence which they present to the mind.

then faith is its essential corollary; it is bound to appear. Our faith is simply the witness of this inner bond of being. That bond, which is the secret of our entire existence, accounting for all that we are, or do, or feel, or think, or say, must become capable of recognition by a being that is, in any sense, free, intelligent, conscious; and this recognition by us of the source from whence we derive, is what we mean by faith. Faith is the sense in us that we are Another's creature, Another's making. . . . Every act, every desire, every motive of ours, is dependent on the source out of sight: we hang on Another's will: we are alive in Another's life. All our life is a discovery, a disclosure of this secret. We find it out only by living. . . . We are sons: that is the root-law of our entire self. And faith is the active instinct of that inner sonship; it is the point at which that essential sonship emerges into consciousness, it is the disclosure to the self of its own vital secret.

And further down:

Faith is not only the recognition by man of the secret source of his being, but it is itself, also, the condition under which the powers that issue from that source make their arrival within him . . . faith is itself the power by which the conscious life attaches itself to God; it is an apprehensive motion of the living spirit by which it intensifies its touch in God; it is an instinct of surrender, by which it gives itself up to the fuller handling of God; it is an affection of the will, by which it presses up against God, and drinks in Divine vitality with quickened receptivity.

If we keep close to this conception of sonship, we perceive at once wherein lies the justification of faith.

Faith is the attitude, the temper, of a son towards a father. . . . Such a relationship as this needs no justifying sanction beyond itself: it is its own sanction, its own authority, its own justification. "He is my Father;" that is a sufficient reason for all this sympathetic response to another's desire. "I am His son;" that is the final premiss in which all argument comes to a close.

Here the essayist puts to himself at last the serious question, for the sake of which all the rest would seem to have been undertaken: What about dogma and history? Perhaps what you say might be acceptable if faith were only a simple surrender of the soul to God. If limited to this mystical communion, it might be beyond the scope and criticism of reason. But it has left these safe confines and implicated itself in intricate statements of dogma, in alleged historical incidents and in intellectual definitions. These are things of evidence and proof: reason claims them as her own domain: she will not

tolerate their acceptance by faith when her own unerring logic has pronounced against them.

The answer given lays stress on the personal character of the events and facts which form the subject-matter of dogmatic definitions. Intimacy between friends, when it has been of long continuance, creates a history from which it can never dissociate itself. And the history of the friendship between God and man, of which on man's side faith is the recognition and the exercise, can never dissociate itself from the record of the long course of incidents through which it has matured its growth since the days of Abraham, the Father of the Faithful. In other words, it can never dissociate itself from the Bible record, for the Bible record is just the record of the lapses, the quarrels, the misunderstandings on our own side of this friendship: of the corresponding indignations, withdrawals, rebukes, and yet again reconciliations, pardons, and victories on the other. The coming of Christ is the end, the sum, the completion of this historical friendship, and faith in Christ is the last result, the ultimate and perfected condition of that faith of Abraham, which won for him the title of friend of God. It is in this manner that the events recorded in the Bible, whether those of the Old Testament, which prepared the way for the final consummation of the intimacy, or those of the New, through which the consummation was wrought, become facts of vital interest, because of personal reference, to the believing man. And on exactly the same grounds the dogmatic definitions of Christian theology can never be divorced from their contact in the personality of Christ. They are statements concerning a living character.

The dogmas now in question are simply careful rehearsals of those inherent necessities which, inevitably, are involved in the rational construction of Christ's living character. They are statements of what He must be, if He is what our hearts assure us; if He can do that for which our wills tender Him their life-long surrender. Unless these rational conditions stand, then, no act of faith is justifiable; unless His personality correspond to their assertions, we can never be authorized in worshipping Him.

The writer does not go on to apply this theory to the remaining categories of dogma, to those which relate to the scheme of Redemption and its various provisions on the one hand, and those which relate to the sinfulness of man on the other. Still it is sufficiently clear how the application must

run. We have here also facts which gather round the two personalities between whom the intimacy obtains, and conditions its nature.

This insistence on the personal reference of sacred history and dogma is just enough. It is also useful against the prevalent scolism which cannot understand why Christian faith should wish to identify itself with such an array of disputed facts and of hard doctrinal definitions. But the reader will be wanting to know how it all bears on the intellectual honesty of accepting without adequate warrant of reason what are by assumption facts and truths coming within the competence of reason to determine. Or, to put the demand in the precise form in which it presents itself to the essayist: How does all this insistence on the personal reference of dogma justify young men when, in anticipation of all that experience may have to teach them, they sign away their reason at three-and-twenty and subscribe a form of adhesion whose conclusions they cannot as yet have mastered?

Canon Scott Holland answers that it is of the very essence of personal attachment and surrender that it should be absolute, not provisional, and that it should repose on the trust of faith, not on the logic of rational demonstration.

A person is a consistent and integral whole: if you know it at one point, you know it in a sense at all points. The one character, the one will, disclose themselves through every partial expression, and passing gesture, and varying act. Therefore it is that when two personalities draw towards one another in the touch of love, they can afford to plight their word. For love is the instinctive prophecy of a future adherence. It is the assurance, passing from soul to soul, that no new discovery of what is involved in their after-life together can ever deny, or defeat, or destroy their present mutual coherence in each other. That adhesion, that adaptability which has been proved at a few points will necessarily be justified throughout. . . . And our knowledge of Christ is this knowledge of love: wherever it exists, and so far as it exists, it issues out of personal contact, personal inter-action. This is why, in its tested and certified form, *i.e.*, in the accumulated and historic experience of the Catholic community, it can rationally justify its anticipation of an unbroken adherence.

That is to say, the definitions and the events are part and parcel of the personality as viewed in the historical development of its life. To hesitate about the truth of these would be to hesitate about the nature of the love and attachment which

is due to the God who is our friend. It is also the sole reason of their value. Whatever lies beyond its sphere may freely be delivered over to criticism, and, if need be, discarded. Criticism may tell us what it will about dates and authorships, about time and place; provided only it respect the reality of the facts which constitute the action of the Divine Intimacy.

The point at which criticism is to hold off its hands is, of course, a most subtle matter to decide. But we can, at least, be sure of this, that such a point will be no arbitrary one; it will be then, when criticism attempts to trench on the reality and the uniqueness of the Divine Intimacy, which those incidents served to fashion, and those books detected and recorded, and Christ consummated. Our faith in Christ must determine what, in the Bible, is vital to its own veracity. There is no other measure or rule of what we mean by inspiration.

Such is the theory of faith recommended by Canon Scott Holland with the apparent sanction of his associates; and recommended in the hope that it will help to deliver faith from its present distresses. Will it have this effect?

It is hard to conceive how it can. It is full of obscurity, and the obscurity is not solely due to the defects of the author's style. The theory has other advocates, and is not unknown; and wherever it is found, it is found enveloped in the same haze of ambiguous language. Doubtless some minds will find in the very obscurity of the doctrine its recommendation. It seems to declare some mode of mystic intercommunion with God, a sensation which they welcome with delight. Those, however, who crave for exact conceptions will not be satisfied with pious phrases such as "inflow of Divine life," "trust and self-surrender," and "generous ventures." They will require to be told more distinctly in what the inflow consists, what is the exact nature of the self-surrender and the trust, what is the true justification of the venture. They will accordingly take the phrases to pieces, and seek to discover whether they correspond or not with the phenomena of their own mental conditions. This is the task to which we have now in some slight way to address ourselves.

The problem, then, with which the essayist is trying to grapple is this: Can we surrender ourselves by an act of faith to an absolute assent to dogma, and remain without fear lest the advance of knowledge should some day bring complete discredit on our beliefs by showing them to be in distinct conflict with unmistakeable facts? Can we, for instance, in the



face of all that science and criticism have accomplished, and are continuing to accomplish, honestly convince ourselves that they will never succeed in completing an indictment so crushing as will render quite untenable any further belief in the miracles of our Lord, in the Divinity of His Person, His Resurrection, or Atonement, as will discredit altogether the notion that He taught the doctrines and founded the institutions with which Christians at present attribute to Him?

The motive for raising this question proceeds of course on the prevalent assumption that no knowledge is final. Even those who boast most loudly the conclusiveness of modern theories are wont to accompany their boasting with modest protestations that none the less a future age may upset them all; that the kind of assurance which we feel in our own present views was formerly felt in the views now dispossessed; that accordingly it is imprudent on the score of such assurance to assert any theory at all as the absolute truth; that we must content ourselves with believing that we in this age have reached a nearer approximation to truth than was granted to our forefathers, and expect that one nearer still will be the achievement of our children.

Canon Scott Holland seems to concede that there can be no finality in the attainments of natural knowledge, but claims that it is otherwise with faith, because of its relation to the Person of our Lord. The concession is too great. There is and must be finality even about natural knowledge, for finality is an essential condition of all knowledge as distinguished from the degrees of conjecture and opinion. What has happened is that the leading modern thinkers, though brilliant theorists, are poor logicians, and cannot appreciate the just value of the evidences they are able to array in support of their theories. The result is the constant necessity of abandoning intellectual positions for which too much had been confidently claimed, and a consequent excessive reaction denying the absolute value of any evidence whatever. However, we need not now concern ourselves with the prospects of natural knowledge except in so far as they are predicted to endanger the future prospects of faith. The nature and conditions under which faith is exercised entitle us to attribute finality to its assents. This, at least, is the Christian position, and Canon Scott Holland has undertaken to defend it. What is the value of the defence offered?

First, as to the nature of faith in itself. He has told us that it is the witness to the inflow of life from God into the spirit of man, that it is the power by which the conscious life attaches itself to God, an apprehensive motion of the living spirit by which it intensifies its touch on God, an instinct of surrender by which it gives itself to the fuller handling of God, an affection of the will by which it presses up against God, and drinks in Divine vitality with quickened receptivity. These and kindred descriptions are found in rich abundance throughout the essay. But what do they mean. Is faith an act of the intellect, or the will, or of sense, or imagination, or of any other faculty? The writer deprecates the inquiry. Neither is it to be regarded as the act of any one of these faculties, nor is it to be ranked by the side of the other faculties in a federation of rival powers. It is behind them all. It is "an elemental energy of the soul."

It is from first to last a spiritual act of the deepest personal will, proceeding out of that central core of the being, where the self is integral and whole, before it has sundered itself off into divided faculties. There, in that root self, lie the germs of all that appears in the separate qualities and gifts—in feeling, in reason, in imagination, in desire: and faith, the central activity, has in it, therefore, the germs of all these several activities. It has in it that which becomes feeling, yet it is not itself feeling; it has in it that which becomes reason, yet it is not itself the reason. It holds in it imaginative elements, yet in itself it is no exercise of the imagination. It is alive with that which desires, craves, loves; yet it is not itself merely an appetite, a desire, a passion. In all these qualities it has a part: it shares their nature: it has kindred emotions: it shows itself, sometimes through the one, sometimes through the other, according to the varieties of human characters.

All this sounds very pretty, but does it correspond to anything we can discover in the contents of our consciousness? Is it not up in the air? Is it even thinkable? Faculty is the power to act. To attribute divers faculties to the soul is to attribute to it the power to act in divers lines. An activity lying behind all faculties would be one moving in no line at all, which is absurd. If indeed the writer means to say that faith is an aggregate of energies, his account would be intelligible, though inaccurate and insufficient. His language, however, does not bear this construction. If again he means merely that faith is will, using the other faculties as its instruments and causing them to act in the sense of its own desires, then too we

can understand him. It is also just possible that this is what he does mean, though it is not clear. Although in the passage just quoted he says distinctly that faith is a spiritual act of the deepest personal *will*, elsewhere he speaks of will in common with memory, feeling, &c., as radiations "from that original spot of our being" to which faith belongs. Moreover, if by faith he means will, he has to encounter forthwith the disastrous objection that the will as such can offer no guarantee of truth. "It is true because I will it," or "love it," is not a legitimate ground of assent, but the expression of dishonest obstinacy. Yet faith, according to the author, and rightly, is able to offer a guarantee of truth which is supreme and absolute.

We are compelled then, it seems, to abandon Canon Scott Holland's explanations on this point, as impossible of comprehension, and at all events as unlike anything we can find in our consciousness. On the other hand, does not consciousness accept the following description of faith, which is that universal in Catholic works of theology? *Faith* is the substantive corresponding to the verb *believe*. To believe according to the ordinary acceptation when we speak of believing in our fellow-men, is to accept on the pledge of their knowledge and veracity the statements to the truth of which they bear witness. And if this is what we understand by the term when the witness is one of our fellow-men, it must be its meaning also when the witness is God. Divine faith is the act whereby we accept on the authority of God, statements to the truth of which He pledges His veracity and omniscience. Now, such an act is an act of the intellect; of this and of no other faculty. For it is an intellectual and cognitive act. The acts of other faculties do indeed gather round it and accompany its exercise. This must be. For it is the soul which acts through the instrumentality now of one faculty, now of another; and the acts of its various faculties are ordered and interrelated. In the act of faith the soul is free, because the motives laid out before it, the testimony and the authority of the witness, though sufficient to justify certitude of assent, are not sufficient to constrain it. Since the soul is free, it must exercise its will in determining itself to the act of faith. Thus there is an act of the will previous to the act of the mind. Again the truths revealed are truths of gracious import to man, and the act itself of revealing is an act of loving care and guidance. It is the expression of God's Fatherly affection towards His earthly

children. Being such it is calculated to stir the heart with the result that upon the act of faith by which the acceptable truth is grasped, there ensue acts of love and gratitude to the Giver, of earnest attachment to the gift, of generous self-oblation to carry out its requirements. All these, being more or less simultaneous in their appearance, and being connected together in an orderly chain of interrelation and sequence, can bear the appearance of a unit of operation.

However, in an inquiry like the present, it is unnecessary to consider these accompanying acts of other faculties. They contribute nothing to the evidential value of faith which is to be sought exclusively in its essential, that is to say, in its intellectual, constituent.

This evidential value is so high that it can guarantee to the mind the finality of the judgments it recommends, and can require their acceptance with an assent of absolute certitude. Fortified with its assurance, the man of faith may view without alarm the bewildering courses of philosophical speculation and scientific research, and may conscientiously disregard the voice of those who warn him that their ultimate issue will compel the abandonment of his present tenets. Such is the Christian claim on behalf of faith. On what grounds can it be made good? In what manner Canon Scott Holland meets this demand it is difficult to say. It would seem as if he had gone off on a distraction with the result of leaving the demand, though so important, unconsidered. Here are his words:

If we are in a position to have any faith in Jesus Christ, then we must suppose that we have arrived at the one centre of all possible experiences, the one focus under which all sights must fall. To believe in Him at all, is to believe that by and in this Man will God judge the world. In His personality, in His character, we are in possession of the ultimate principles under which the final estimate of all things will be taken. . . . We cannot believe in Him at all and not believe that His message is final.

Most true words, but how are they to the point? His message final? Yes, if we believe in Him at all, we must believe that in Him God's providential scheme reaches its climax: that His supremacy will never be dispossessed in order to make room for one higher still. But it is not in this sense that the right of faith to attribute finality to its judgments is disputed. The question raised is not whether another dispensation is destined

to succeed to the present. It is whether the present is true and well-founded in itself; whether the facts which underlie its claim are genuine, or whether they are possibly spurious and destined to be revealed as such by the advancing course of knowledge. To this pressing question we find nowhere in the essay before us clear and distinct words of answer, and must seek them elsewhere. If, however, we take the Catholic account of the nature of faith as expounded above the answer is neither difficult nor unsatisfying.

Our warrant of assent is derived from the Divine authority which is pledged to us in the act of revelation. God is omniscient and cannot err. His knowledge of truth is all-perfect and all-embracing. It is, therefore, absolutely final and absolutely certain. There can be no cause for hesitation in His judgments, for no new turn in the course of events can bring with it further disclosures requiring their revision and correction. In this unerring estimate of the evidence for truth we, too, are made to participate when He addresses us in His all-truthful speech, and thus our hold on the contents of revelation becomes firm and final like His.

We do, indeed, further require certain proof that God has spoken, and there is no disposition on our part to disregard this outstanding necessity. Until we are certain that God has spoken there is no channel established through which the certitude and finality of the Divine assent can pass into our finite minds. And this proof of the fact of revelation must itself be of a character to impart finality, for the strength of the chain is the strength of its weakest link. Whence, then, is this complement of the evidence to be obtained? Again we must complain of the obscurity of language in which our essayist indulges, and must profess an inability to reach his meaning. A sufficiency of his phrases has already been quoted. "We stand by the necessities of our existence in the relationship of sons to a Father, who has poured into us the vigour of His own life," and "faith is simply the *witness* of this inner bond of being." This is the type to which all his exposition is conformed, and nowhere, that we can find, are we told more definitely in what the witness consists. Our suspicion is that he conceives the soul in its exercise of faith to be brought into the immediate relationship with God of direct intuition: as if it stood face to face with God after the manner in which Moses stood on the Mount. If this is meant, the obvious criticism is

that there is no evidence for such a supposition. The evidence is all against it. Faith comes by hearing: and the hearing to the mass of men—to all save the original recipients of the Divine speech—is of the outer ears. Of course we Catholics hold (and along with us Mr. Scott Holland's co-religionists), that faith is a gift of God, and that accordingly beyond the external address which enters through the bodily senses, there must be an internal address to the heart. But this internal address is in the form of a secret unfelt power to listen and assent to the external voice: it is not itself, in strict language, a voice carrying an intelligible message to the understanding. It has, therefore, no place in our computation of evidences when we seek the warrant of our assent.

We are brought, then, inevitably to this, that we can never exercise faith without a previous dependence of reason on historical and philosophical evidence. The message of revelation originally delivered through Jesus Christ reaches us through the medium of other voices, and we are bound to require evidence that the message they deliver is really His, and that it is still pure and undiluted as when it first issued from its Divine source. The collection and study of this evidence would be a vast undertaking. Nor is it needed for our present purpose, which is merely to set the inquiry on its true basis, to deliver it from the distraction of false issues, and to indicate the necessary connexion between faith and what in theological phraseology are called the motives of credibility. It must be enough, therefore, to say that the lines on which these motives of credibility, this argument for the fact of Divine revelation, must be constructed, are the lines followed in the Catholic treatises called *De Vera Religione*. They are two-fold. One starts with the impressive historical fact of the existence and character of the Catholic Church. She is the organ through which revelation reaches us, and she stands out in the world as in herself a conclusive proof of her authorization to teach in God's name. She is this in virtue of her inherent Notes, her Unity, her Sanctity, her Catholicity, and her Apostolicity. A Church so characterized is an institution more than human, the outcome of forces more than natural. She is only explicable as the effect of power above nature, and therefore Divine. A Church so characterized is in short a moral miracle and as such must be deemed the faithful exponent of the Divine message. This, of course, is not acknowledged by the writers of the *Lux Mundi*.



Nevertheless, it is an existent motive capable of engendering conviction in the minds of those who will give it candid and earnest attention. It is the motive which is in fact the most influential of all with Catholics, for it is one whose quality is appreciable to the simple as well as to the learned. It is also the motive for the want of which Protestants of the various denominations find themselves in such dire straits when required by the sceptics to furnish a rational justification of their faith. The other of the two lines of proof starts with the records of our Lord's teaching. It must learn from this teaching what were our Lord's claims concerning His Personality and Office, and what were the means He provided for preserving His doctrines from corruption. From the claims it must pass to estimate the attestation added to them, that is to say, to the prophecies He fulfilled, the miracles He wrought, and above all, to the primary miracle of His Resurrection from the dead. At each stage of this argument careful criticism, careful exegesis, and careful application of scientific tests are obviously required. There is no escape from this exigency, no other and royal road; unless indeed the name of royal road be awarded, as it truly might be, to that other line of evidence furnished by the Notes of the Catholic Church.

As these lines of argument appeal, in large part, to reason, not to faith, the assertion that we are constrained to prosecute them is tantamount to an assertion that, before we can exercise our faith, we are dependent on reason for a proof of the proposition which faith accepts. And so it is. The dependence may not, indeed, be intrinsic to the act, as if faith were the conclusion of a syllogism of which the premisses are supplied by reason. As to this there is a serious problem in which Catholic theologians are wont to engage, and to divide themselves off into two distinct schools: the school of De Lugo maintaining that the dependence is intrinsic in the manner just indicated, and the school of Suarez maintaining that the dependence is only extrinsic. This, however, though an important and interesting question, need not now be raised. It has reference to the method of the Divine operation on the soul, and to the intensity of the consequent certitude of assent. Both schools agree that the reasoning faculty must have certain proofs in its own order, covering the entire ground of faith, and that without such certain (not merely probable) proofs, the exercise of faith could not be deemed a rational act.

We are confining ourselves to the case of those in whom reason is sufficiently matured to feel the mental necessity of motives of credibility which are objectively valid. There is the further exceptional, or at all events derivative, case of the young and the imperfectly educated. For God to require of them evidence of this sort as a condition for the rational exercise of faith would be to require of them an impossibility. What He does require of them is that they should have that degree and kind of proof of the fact of revelation which their nature craves for and acknowledges to be sufficient for rational assent in them. In other words, they require and must be satisfied with the testimony and authority of their natural guides. When this attestation is in fact to the truth, we are entitled to assume that God supplies the internal gift, and that the act of faith is duly constituted. When the attestation is not to the truth, as, for instance, when the guides to whom youth and inexperience naturally look up happen to teach heresy, we are in like manner safe in assuming that God does not supply the internal gift. In that case there is no fault in those who are misled. Nevertheless, they are sufferers, and necessarily so, because God cannot permit the gift of faith to co-operate with assent to error. There is more to be said on this point, but we may pass it over as subsidiary. Our primary concern is with the faith of those whose reason has arrived at the adult state. To these we now return.

We are able now to judge how far it can be said to be the duty of faith to outrun the evidence. Canon Scott Holland, as we understand him, does not himself mean that faith is to outrun its own intrinsic certification. He only means to say that it is entitled to outrun the evidence which reason has to go by. Reason is supposed by him to pronounce the truth in question to be not yet sufficiently certified. And yet notwithstanding, faith proceeds to give in its adherence. This is what he calls making a venture:

There will come at last the moment when the will to believe will be just the same to the complete and reasonable man as it always is to the simplest child—the will to trust Another with a confidence which reason can justify but never create. This act, which is faith, must have in it that spirit of venture, which closes with Another's invitation, which yields to Another's call.

He says, indeed, that reason can justify, but this justification is not imagined by him to involve evidence sufficient to cover the

ground. Elsewhere he has said that this fulness of evidence is not attainable. The justification which he contends to exist, is rather in this that the evidence collected by reason, although it never does or can cover the entire ground of faith, nevertheless approximates towards such a complete covering. Against this we now assert that it must cover completely. Not indeed by way of direct proof. This, of course, is impossible, at least till the disclosures of the next life have been granted. But indirectly, in so far as it can and must furnish direct proofs of the fact of the Divine testimony, and the absolute credit which should attach to testimony coming from that source. Proof of this character, although it is indirect, none the less covers the ground completely, and demonstrates the lawfulness and even the obligation of rendering the demanded assent of faith. There is then no venture in the act of faith, not only on the part of faith, but not even from the point of view of reason. Faith does not outrun, it keeps strictly within the requirements of reason.

There is, indeed, another sense in which the word venture can be most truly employed in this connexion, and possibly the essayist may say that this is what he had in mind. If so, our causes of complaint disappear: but so far as can be gathered from his rhetorical language, his words do not seem to bear this meaning. The meaning referred to will be best understood if we introduce it with an illustration. Take the case of some landsmen crossing the Atlantic. They may have implicit confidence in the captain and sailors, whose known personal qualities may entitle them to be thus absolutely trusted. These, then, assure their passengers that the state of the sea is not unusual or at all dangerous, and that there is no reason whatever for alarm. The passengers believe, that is, make an act of faith on the authority of the sailors. The assent is rational and it is firm, that is, in those who are reasonable. Nevertheless, the sight of the mounting waves, of the wall of water bearing down upon them, causes trepidation which they do not easily overcome. What is the reason? It is not wholly attributable to bodily conditions, it is due also to the natural condition of the human mind, which can give a certain and rational assent to truths certified on the authority of a witness, but which can never repose with the same absolute mental calm on this kind of guarantee as on the guarantee of direct evidence. Always in the case of assent to authority

these qualms and trepidations are liable to arise, when the direct exercise of reason on the presentation of the senses tends (though it only *tends*) by itself to a conclusion opposite to that which the reliable authority dictates. They can and ought to be disregarded by a rational mind. None the less, they are prone to linger or to spring up again and harass. It is this psychical fact which causes the exercise of faith to be dependent on the free choice of the will, and founds the consequent distinction between proofs which both justify and compel assent and those which justify without compelling it.

There is still another point in Canon Scott Holland's exposition which cannot be accepted. He has claimed finality, not only for the "simple surrender of the soul to God," but also for the dogmatic definitions of Christian theology. And he has claimed it on the ground of their contact with the Personality of Christ. With this claim in itself we have already dealt sufficiently. Our present complaint is with the concession by which it is limited. Only, he says, so far as they attach themselves to this personality do the statements of Holy Scripture or the beliefs of the Church impose upon our minds the obligation of acceptance. When they fail in this condition, they may freely, as far as truth is concerned, be given over to the mercies of destructive criticism. Now this we cannot admit. It has been sufficiently shown that the guarantee of truth, and the consequent warrant for assent in reference to any dogma whatever, is the fact of its having been revealed by God and attested by His authority. A guarantee like this can recognize no distinctions in the contents of the revelation. It is impossible for the Divine authority to cover falsehood, whether the falsehood refer to the Personality of Christ, or have no connexion with it. The point therefore to which we have to look in the case of any Scriptural statement or Christian belief, is exclusively this: Is it a part of the contents of revelation?

Nor is it possible to escape the force of this contention by pleading that the Person of Christ, being the acknowledged centre of the Christian revelation, only such truths and facts as bear upon this primary truth can be deemed to have fallen within the sphere of revelation; and that we may, in consequence, safely reject as intrusive and unsupported by the Divine attestation whatever lies without this sphere of contact with Him. There is no room for the evasion, for the manifest reason that the nature and degree of contact with our Lord's

Personality can be differently conceived. In a broad sense, everything which can come into controversy, the minutest statements of Scripture, and the minutest item of the traditional beliefs, may be truly said to refer to Christ as to the centre round which it gathers. It is for our Lord, therefore, to determine how far He will extend His revelation, and it is for us to ascertain the boundaries by other tests than this arbitrary one of a certain degree of closeness of contact with His own Personality and work.

And here we bring to an end our criticism of the first essay on the *Lux Mundi*. Our claim is to have shown on the one hand that the assent of faith is reasonable, and how it is reasonable; and on the other, that Mr. Scott Holland's exposition, although well-intentioned and as such worthy of all sympathy, is unfortunately nothing better than an "Essay in aid of the art of taking things for granted."

S. F. S.

## *Italy before the Railways.*

### PART THE FOURTH.

OUR expeditions certainly did not deserve always to be called pious pilgrimages, yet I confess that their memory is fragrant to me with the remembrance of much quiet and pleasant devotion. We used to walk along in silence for the time given to meditation, and I think that more than one of us was of opinion that those walks in the morning, directly after Mass and breakfast, were conducive to mental prayer. Then for vocal prayer, besides the Divine Office, we used to refresh ourselves and beguile the journey with *Paters*, *Aves*, and *Glorias* for innumerable intentions, which were given out as they suggested themselves by the way. A favourite one with all of us was to pray for the definition of the Immaculate Conception, or after the definition, to return thanks for it. To that glorious definition I will return before the end of this article, but meanwhile I want to say something about the saints.

And first of all of St. Catherine of Bologna. Her sanctuary I visited on my way back to England on my first return from Rome in the spring of 1850, and I had not the company of any of my fellow-students there. I reached Bologna by diligence on a Sunday morning, and when a fellow-traveller by the same conveyance declared his intention of going to see the Marionettes, I started off with my cassock over my arm, hoping to say Mass in the chapel of St. Catherine. I went up to the first man I saw in the piazza, after leaving my things at an hotel, and I asked him kindly to tell me where I should find *Santa Caterina di Bologna*. "*La Santa!*" he called out, indignant that in her own city she should require to be more fully named. I followed his directions, made my way into the church, and mindful of the lesson I had received in the piazza, I asked in the sacristy whether I might say Mass at the altar of *la Santa*. The vestments were given me, and I followed the server into the



church, till he brought me to a transept altar. I did not know in the least what to expect, and fully thought that St. Catherine was reposing at full length beneath the altar, and that after Mass I should be allowed to see her. I was arranging my chalice for Mass, when I noticed that above the altar-card was a large oval opening or window, barred with gilt iron bars, with on the other side of it a light red silk curtain. As it caught my eye, I heard the curtain rings run back, and there I stood face to face with St. Catherine.

I have seldom been more startled, and it certainly was not without reason. In the room beyond the transept, exactly opposite to the altar and facing towards it, St. Catherine was sitting up in her chair—the only dead body I ever saw not lying at full length. It was a very moving thing, to say one's Mass there, and whenever one raised one's eyes, to see the calm figure of the Saint, sitting like a queen on her throne.

After my Mass and thanksgiving, I was, by special permission from the Archbishop, taken into the room where the Saint is. The permission was necessary because the room was part of an enclosed Convent of Poor Clares, whose first Abbess was St. Catherine. The nuns have access to the room, as they have full charge of their wonderful treasure. They constantly make new habits for St. Catherine, as the only relics they can give away are portions of vestments that she has worn. The body of the Saint is intact, so that no portion of her is to be found elsewhere; except indeed that there is, in a glass case not far from her, a vial of blood which years ago was drawn from her veins long after death. There sits the Saint, and there she has sat for four hundred years, unchanged, except that her face, her hands, and her feet are almost black. On her lip is a white mark, which is thought to show the place where in a vision one Christmas night the Infant Jesus kissed her. The Saint is said to be sitting up in her chair without support, not leaning back. If so, it is very wonderful, for her hand is perfectly flexible. To that I can testify, for they said to me, "You are a priest, take her hand in yours." I did so, and raised it reverently to my lips. My memory of the flexibility of that sacred hand is confirmed by the friend, to whose diary I have been already indebted for an account of the Ecstatica of Monte San Savino. She tells me that the ring she wears was placed on the finger of the Saint. This flexibility without corruption is very wonderful, for as every doctor knows, it is the commencement

of putrefaction that naturally relaxes the *rigor mortis*. Now St. Catherine of Bologna died on March 9, 1463.

A marvel of the opposite sort is to be found in the dark colour of the skin in every case that I know of, where God has conferred on the body of a saint the gift of incorruption. I am not speaking only of instances where the body is perfectly dry and hard, as in the case of St. Catherine of Genoa, to name one out of a very large number; but in the rarer and much more wonderful examples, where the body remains comparatively soft and supple, and where the blood seems to be in the veins. The body of St. Zita, the holy servant-maid, can be seen in the Church of San Frigidiano at Lucca, a church interesting to us English people as the resting-place of our Saxon King, St. Richard. I was told that if the habit with which St. Zita is covered were lifted, her arms, even a little above the wrists, would be seen to be quite white, and that it is exposure to the air that has changed the colour of her face, her hands, and her feet. Again, in the very remarkable instance of St. Clare of Monte Falco that I am about directly to describe, her body was for years placed in the church and the people were allowed to kiss her hands and feet, till at length, to save her from further discoloration by the action of the air, she was sheltered by glass. God draws the line in accordance with His own good pleasure in the way in which He interferes with the laws of nature. The body of St. Francis Xavier, which immediately after his death was placed in quicklime and was unaffected by it, has since shrunk in length to a singular degree. It seems as though, in every case, when God has been pleased to preserve the bodies of His servants incorrupt, they were to lose the semblance of sleep and remind us by their looks that they are truly dead and await the resurrection.

The walls of the room in which St. Catherine of Bologna so majestically sits in state, are covered with objects that belonged to her, interesting in the highest degree. Her breviary is there in which she has recorded that St. Thomas of Canterbury appeared to her and, after teaching her how to rest for a while in the midst of long prayer, gave her his hands to kiss. "My most glorious and kind-hearted Martyr," she calls him, *qui manus suas sanctissimas concessit mihi, et osculata sum illas in corde et corpore*. Her great namesake, St. Catherine of Siena, had a similar devotion to our St. Thomas, and had an altar-stone made of the pavement on which he was martyred,

In the room of the Saint at Bologna, there are some pictures of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin painted by herself, and it is something to be grateful for, to have seen pictures of them painted by one who had been privileged to see them in her visions. The name of Caterina de' Vigri is found in the list of Italian painters of the fifteenth century. It is a pity that these most interesting pictures are not reproduced by one of our modern processes. They would be sure to meet with a sale that would cover the expense of photogravure.

I have spoken of St. Clare of Monte Falco as remarkable for the preservation of her body, next after St. Catherine of Bologna. St. Clare lies sheltered by glass in the wall of the Church of Monte Falco, in such a position that as you look at her there is a window behind her. In some respects this is a disadvantage, but it brings out her outline very clearly, and I was greatly struck by perceiving the large vein in her foot standing out, apparently full of blood. Marvellous as the condition of her body is, it may be regarded as surpassed by that of St. Catherine, but there are other wonders connected with this St. Clare that probably are without parallel.

Monte Falco is a village near Spoleto. I visited it in company with some students of the English College, and as we drew near the place, there fell a heavy shower of rain. We took refuge in a shed, and one of the villagers was there, who, getting into conversation with us, asked, *Avete veduto il Crocefisso incarnato?*—"Have you seen the Crucifix incarnate?" We could not imagine what he meant, but when we reached the church, we felt that his word was well chosen. The heart of St. Clare of Monte Falco is divided into two parts, so that as it is shown it looks like two hearts, each with a flat surface. These two halves were found after her death united only by a filament, and on the two faces that were made visible when this integument was severed, in accordance with her own prediction; the instruments of the Passion were seen, not impressed, but standing out in relief. On the one side is the figure of our Lord as if crucified, or rather, like a crucifix detached from the cross. To the best of my remembrance there was no cross, but the arms were extended as if there were a Y cross behind it. In the corresponding face of the other half of the heart is a large scourge, of the same size as our Lord's figure. All round each are various instruments of the Passion, in no proportion to one another as to size—for example, a little ladder and a hammer as

large as the ladder. The bottom of the heart has been cut off, and it is said that when St. Clare died in 1308, the emblems of the Passion on the lower part of the heart were sent to the Pope who was then at Avignon. These have been lost, but the greater part remaining at Monte Falco are enough to excite an overwhelming surprise. In the Roman Martyrology on the 18th of August there was the entry, "At Monte Falco in Umbria of Blessed Clare, Virgin, Nun of the Order of Hermits of St. Augustine, on whose heart the renewed mysteries of our Lord's Passion are most devoutly venerated." This entry was an unusual honour conferred by Clement the Tenth, for very few names are inserted in the Roman Martyrology of uncanonized persons, and though Pope John the Twenty-Second, in 1316, wrote a Bull for her canonization, it was never published, and Blessed Clare was beatified by Urban the Eighth. Monte Falco is not far from Perugia, of which place for many years our Holy Father Pope Leo the Thirteenth was Archbishop. His Holiness was therefore familiar with the prodigies connected with this Saint, and when he came to the throne, I remember saying, "Now Blessed Clare of Monte Falco will be canonized;" and in truth the entry of the Martyrology now runs on, "And Pope Leo the Thirteenth solemnly added her to the roll of Virgin Saints."

Yet another thing is said of St. Clare of Monte Falco, of which personally I can give no testimony, though I can say what was said to me. The Saint had a very great devotion to the mystery of the Blessed Trinity, and after her death, three little pellets were taken from her body, respecting which the tradition is that each one weighed what all three weighed, while they are equal in weight one to another. The three pellets are there to see, and one of them is broken, the story about it being that it split at the time of the schism of the sixteenth century. The pellets are under glass and cannot be touched. I once thought that I had an opportunity of acquiring some information about them. I was under the erroneous impression that Monte Falco was in the diocese of Perugia, whereas it is in that of Spoleto. At the time of the definition of the Immaculate Conception I spoke to very nearly every Cardinal and every Bishop who had come to Rome, asking their signatures to a petition that Venerable Bede might be proclaimed a Doctor of the Church. Amongst those on whom I thus called was Cardinal Joachim Pecci, Archbishop of Perugia, now Pope

Leo the Thirteenth, happily reigning. Little thinking that I was speaking to the successor of Pope Pius the Ninth, I asked His Eminence whether he had ever tested the story told of the three pellets from the body of Blessed Clare of Monte Falco. Understanding me to ask whether he had seen them, he answered me in the affirmative. I then repeated my question whether in his visitation as Archbishop of the diocese he had ever actually tried whether the pellets now verified the story told of them, and this with great kindness of manner he said he had never done. As a matter of fact the place was not in his diocese at all.

In commemoration of the devotion of St. Clare to the great mystery of the Holy Trinity, it was the custom of the Augustinian Nuns of the convent to give to visitors little berries, threaded together in threes, which berries were taken from a tree in the garden that was planted by the Saint. One of the pleasantnesses connected with the sanctuaries in Italy is that there is almost always some little thing peculiar to each sanctuary which the devout visitor may carry away with him as a memorial. Thus at Loreto there are rough little cups in which some dust from the *Santa Casa* has been mixed with the clay. At St. Nicholas of Tolentino they give you tiny little breads, blessed in his name. Elsewhere you get something that has touched the shrine or some object that the saint has used. Or you get a fac-simile, for instance, at Santa Croce in Rome of the holy Nail, at San Pietro in Vincoli of St. Peter's Chains, at Prato of our Lady's Girdle, at Perugia of her Ring. As far as I am aware such memorials are unknown in other Catholic countries, or nearly so. I confess that sanctuaries in Italy, as far as my experience goes, lend themselves to devotion more than those, for example, in Spain. Thus Our Lady of Good Counsel at Gennazzano is a more moving place than Our Lady of the Pillar at Saragossa; and the shrine of St. Joseph of Cupertino at Osimo, or, to come to modern times, St. Paul of the Cross at SS. Giovanni e Paolo, interests you much more than the tomb of St. John of God at Granada. On the other hand the sanctuaries of St. Teresa and of St. Ignatius in Spain are surpassingly interesting.

In Rome there are sanctuaries everywhere, even in out of the way little churches that are hardly ever visited except on the day of the Lenten "Station." Perhaps of all the most interesting is the collection of relics of the Passion at Santa.

Croce in Gerusalemme, as Constantine's Basilica is called. It was a devout and touching sight, on the Second Sunday in Advent and the Fourth in Lent, to see the great relics exposed from their little gallery high up in the transept. The Abbot of the adjoining Cistercian Monastery held them up one by one to be seen by the people, while one of his monks sung the name of the relic in Italian, with a fall of the voice at the end of each line, and the last syllable of all greatly prolonged.

Questo è il dito  
di San Tommaso,  
con quale toccò

il sacro Costato di Nostro Signore Gesù Cristo.

Then last of all came the relic of the Holy Cross, and when this was brought to him, the Abbot laid aside his mitre, and the people all knelt down to receive the blessing with the most august of relics.

From one point of view the most interesting relic in Santa Croce is that of the Title written by Pilate's order. It is a fragment only, but there is enough of it remaining to move one irresistibly to the conclusion that it is genuine. The portions of the inscriptions in Greek and in Latin are written, like the Hebrew, from right to left. This peculiarity seems to me a thing that no forger would have thought of, but it was most natural that a Jew, after he had written the Hebrew, should have begun on the same side of the tablet to write the Greek and then the Latin. It looks, too, as if he were told in Latin what to write, and then translated the Latin title into Hebrew and Greek for himself, as the Latin word *Nazarenus* is used in the Greek inscription instead of *Nazareus*, as it would have been if the title had been given to the scribe in Greek. This noble relic was for centuries lost to view by its having been shut up in a niche in the wall of the clerestory, with an inscription carved in the stone, stating what it was.

The great relics of the Passion at St. Peter's are hardly second to these. There, over the statue of St. Longinus, is the spear head that pierced the side of our Lord. This is in a little chapel, high up above the level of the church, in the great pier that supports the dome, on the right hand side beyond the high altar. In the corresponding chapel on the left hand side, is a large relic of the Holy Cross and the handkerchief of the Veronica. No one but a Canon of St. Peter's is permitted to ascend the stair and enter this little chapel, but on certain



solemn occasions the relics are shown to the people from the gallery outside the chapel in the pier. In Holy Week it was customary for the Popes to descend from the Sistine Chapel after *Tenebræ* each night, and to kneel before the high altar while the great relics were exposed to veneration by the Canons. As none but the Canons can ascend, the Popes have sometimes made important personages Canons of St. Peter's, in order to confer this privilege upon them. On one notable occasion, Pius the Ninth had the relics brought down to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where they were exposed on the altar. I remember trying to obtain a better view of the Veronica when it was there, but I did not succeed in seeing it more distinctly than when it was in the gallery under the dome. Once we heard from the Canons who had been up in the little chapel, that the Face of our Lord could be discerned on the handkerchief, but I never was so fortunate as to see it. That which looks like the outline of a face is a silver frame or band, shaped like a horse shoe, within the square frame. The relic is, I believe, within this silver horse shoe only.

Opposite to this chapel is that of St. Andrew, in the pier on your left hand, before you reach the high altar. The head of St. Andrew the Apostle is kept there. The body of the Apostle is at Amalfi, where it was brought from Constantinople; and the head was received at Rome by Pope Pius the Second in 1462, with the quaint salutation that the Romans had a special claim to his protection, for as they are the children of his brother Peter, he must look on them as his nephews.

In 1848, the head of St. Andrew was stolen from St. Peter's. The thief had hidden himself in the church when it was shut in the evening, and had spent the night in making his way through the two iron doors, one at the bottom and the other at the top of the little staircase in the solid pier, leading to St. Andrew's chapel. He had not been content to take away the silver reliquary and the jewels with which it was ornamented, but he took the head of the Saint away also. The effect on the city was indescribable. Triduos without number were ordered in many churches, in reparation for the sacrilege, and in supplication for the recovery of the relic. At last one day a parish priest had an audience of the Pope in the Quirinal, to tell him that the thief had repented and wished the Pope to be told where the relic was. One of the Pope's carriages was ordered out, and the priest entered it, together with a workman with

spade and pickaxe. They were driven round the city walls, outside the Porta San Pancrazio, and in one of the angles of the old walls, the man dug where the priest told him to dig, and from one place the relic with its seals intact was taken, and from another close by, the silver and jewels. In that angle of the walls, between the two places, Pius the Ninth afterwards built a little temple, with a statue of St. Andrew. The relic was carried straight to the Quirinal Palace, where the Pope was anxiously awaiting it, and there it was kept till preparations had been made to restore it with fitting solemnity to its old place in St. Peter's. All those whose privilege it is to constitute the great Papal procession on the feast of Corpus Domini, were ordered, on a given day,<sup>1</sup> to meet at the Church of Sant' Andrea della Valle. That innumerable company of ecclesiastics, forming the grandest procession in the world, that alas! now for so many years has not been able to assemble—the clergy of all the Basilicas, in their various choir habits, with the singular *padiglioni*, like huge umbrellas or small tents, and the bell, distinctive of the greater and more dignified Chapters; the parish priests of Rome, who form a corporate body, each priest on this occasion wearing a stole; the secular clergy, the religious orders, the various sodalities, all took their usual places in the vast procession. The head of the Apostle, which had been brought from the Palace of the Quirinal, was carried on a bier under a red baldacchino, from the high altar of S. Andrea della Valle, on the shoulders of the Canons of St. Peter's, in sacred vestments, according to their rank in the Vatican Chapter. The Pope immediately followed, on foot, and no canopy was borne over him, as is usually done. Behind the Pope came the Sacred College of Cardinals, in their scarlet *cappa magnas*; and the beauty of the procession, as it mounted the long flights of steps that lead up to the entrance of St. Peter's, was a sight never to be forgotten. At the high altar of St. Peter's, the Pope gave the benediction to the church full of people, by making the sign of the Cross over them with the head of St. Andrew. At night the cupola of St. Peter's was illuminated.

That was a moving ceremony, beyond doubt, but one that I was present at was more moving by far, containing quite the sweetest and most delightful recollection of my life. I mean of course the definition of the Immaculate Conception by Pope

<sup>1</sup> It was April 5, 1848. The relic was stolen on the 10th of March, and recovered on the 1st of April. (Moroni, vol. lv. p. 265.)

Pius the Ninth in 1854. It would have been a great privilege to have been present at a canonization, or at the Œcumenical Council, or again, at the Election or the Enthronement of the new Pope; it would have been a great thing to have seen the far larger number of Bishops, and to have been present when the Infallibility of the Pope was defined: yet if I had to choose one such ceremony—and to be present at one is enough for a lifetime—I should without a moment's hesitation choose the definition of the great and singular grace of the Blessed Mother of God. To have lived at the time when the Immaculate Conception was proposed as a revealed doctrine to the whole Church by the Vicar of our Lord is a happiness great enough to make life in this century more desirable than in any that have gone before: but to have been present, to have seen the Pope at such a time, and to have heard the sound of his voice when proclaiming the greatness of Mary's redemption—that was enough to make one say, *Vixi*. Every life has its culminating point, and that is mine. St. Elizabeth said to our Lady herself, *Beata es quia credidisti quæ dicta sunt tibi a Domino*—"Blessed art thou, because thou hast believed what has been said to thee by our Lord." The words are true of us her children also, and we are blessed because we have heard what prophets and kings desired to hear.

The day before had been kept in Rome as a strict fast, and the feast of the Immaculate Conception, in that year falling on a Friday, had its abstinence dispensed. The Pope himself sang the High Mass at the high altar of St. Peter's, with all that beauty of ceremonial of which the world has been deprived since the Piedmontese entered Rome. It was as on Easter day. I had seen the great function many a time, but it never looked grander. The high altar with its seventh candlestick, because the Bishop of the diocese was singing Mass. The throne at the far end of the choir, under St. Peter's Chair. The Pope vested in cope and tiara, carried by the *palafrenieri* in crimson between the two fans of white feathers; and afterwards for the Mass, over the sacred vestments wearing the fanon<sup>1</sup> and the pallium. The Cardinals, with *cappa magna* outspread as they came up one by one to do homage. Some two hundred Bishops in

<sup>1</sup> The fanon is a double veil of four colours with gold fringe. The lower half is worn over the alb, and the upper half covers the Pope's head until the chasuble is put on, when it falls over it like a tippet. The pallium is fastened with its three pins over the fanon.

cope and mitre—a number largely overpassed since, but which was then beyond all precedent in our generation. The splendid *Curia Romana*, Bishops and Archbishops assisting at the throne, and glorying in being chosen for the simplest services. The most perfect instrument of music, the human voice in its perfection, needing no support from any instrument that man has made. The majestic march of the ceremonies, faultlessly performed, with the precision of perfect self-possession and familiarity. The Pope, the centre of the Christian world, as he is the centre of that great gathering, doing homage to God, and offering with solemnity unequalled upon earth the august Sacrifice that every priest is empowered to offer: the Elevation at that altar in which the celebrant has the nave of the church with all its multitudes before him, the thronged transepts on either side of him, and the vast choir behind him; the Elevation therefore unlike any other Elevation, as the Pope turns round after each consecration, making the entire circle as he holds the Sacred Host on high for adoration to all around him, and in its turn in like manner the Sacred Chalice, and all the long while, the silver trumpets playing music fit for the vestibule of Heaven. The Communion too, in this unlike any other Communion, that the Pope retires to his throne at the far end of the choir, and the Blessed Sacrament is brought to him; the Sacred Host, after a fresh Elevation by the Cardinal Deacon, carried slowly by the Subdeacon, who passes up alone through the choir, all kneeling on either side, and then the Chalice, when the Subdeacon with his sacred burden is standing by the throne, elevated anew to all the quarters of the church, and brought with like solemnity by the Cardinal Deacon, who holds in his hand the golden reed through which the Pope receives a part of the Precious Blood.

Besides the usual ceremonies of the Pope's High Mass, on the occasion of the definition all was done that is customary at a canonization. The most striking and impressive part of all is the petition to the Holy Father, made three times, *instantanter*, *instantius*, and *instantissime*, in the name of the whole Catholic Church by the first Cardinal Bishop, Priest, and Deacon. On the first two petitions the Pope answered that prayer must be made for the Divine guidance in a matter of such great moment. The Litany of the Saints was sung after one petition, and the *Veni Creator* after the other; and when the petition was renewed for the third time, the Pope rose, and taking into his

hands the form of the definition which was afterwards embodied in his Dogmatic Bull, read it aloud in his clear ringing tones, while the crowded church was as still as death. The Pope stood, with the large book in his hand in which the form was bound, and in the emotion that took possession of him, swung it energetically to the right and left, marking with emphasis the expressions he was uttering. The tears poured off his face as he read the solemn words of the definition *ex cathedra*, by which the conscience of the faithful throughout the world was henceforth bound.

When the voice of the Pope ceased to be heard, the vast multitude present breathed again. All had been pent up during those most solemn moments, and when the tension was withdrawn, a sort of sigh rose up all through the church, as every one breathed audibly. I was standing not far from the high altar, where I had a full view of the Pope on his throne beneath St. Peter's Chair. We were packed together closely in the dense crowd, and not far from me were two Englishmen. When the definition was pronounced, one of them said to the other, "The only thing now remaining is for the faithful to believe it." By an irresistible impulse I instantly said, "Believe it, sir? We believe it with all our hearts and souls." Oh, how grateful I felt to that man! The relief he gave to my heart was immense, and he little knew the favour he conferred on me. The moment in God's good Providence had come when, with all the certainty of Divine faith, we knew from the unerring voice of the Vicar of Christ that God had revealed the glorious fact that the Mother of God was immaculate in her Conception.

JOHN MORRIS.

## *Irish Worthies of the Sixteenth Century.*

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BROTHER DOMINIC COLLINS (*continued*).

WHEN Brother Dominic Collins was captured at Dunboy, he was kept in custody for some time before his execution. "The fryer and Taylor were reserved alive by the Lord President, to trie whether he could draw them to do some acceptable service, and they were carried prisoners to Cork." On the 13th of July Carew writes to the Lord Deputy: "Dominic Collins I find more open-hearted than the rest. I send enclosed his examination; the which, although it do not merit any great favour, yet because he hath had so long education in France and Spain, and that it may be that your lordship heretofore, by some other examinations, have had some knowledge of him, whereby some benefit to the State may be made, I respite his execution till your further pleasure be signified."<sup>1</sup>

The Deputy's further pleasure was signified, and in October, "Taylor was hanged in chains not far from the north gate of Cork, and the fryer, in whom no penitence appeared for his detestable treasons, nor yet would endeavour to merit his life either by discovering the rebels' intentions (which was in his power), or by doing of some service that might deserve favour, was hanged at Youghal, wherein he was born."<sup>2</sup>

Carew says he "reserved Collins alive to trie whether he could draw him to do some acceptable service;" and he further asserts that Collins would not endeavour to merit his life by doing some service that might deserve favour. What this *service* was we learn from Thomas Moore,<sup>3</sup> who, however, was not aware that Taylor and Brother Collins were "reserved alive," and refused "to be drawn to such service." He says, that on the surrender of Dunboy, "fifty-eight of the ward were executed in the market-place; and of the whole number, amounting to one hundred and forty-three 'selected fighting

<sup>1</sup> *Cal. Carew MSS.* an. 1602.

<sup>2</sup> *Hib. Pacata*, p. 578.

<sup>3</sup> *Hist. of Ireland*, vol. iv. pp. 141, 143.



men,' not a single one escaped, all were either slain, executed, or buried among the ruins. To embroil the chieftains with each other, and thus weaken them by their dissensions, was another of the arts of misrule in which English Viceroy became proficient; and it may even be suspected,<sup>1</sup> from some dark hints in a letter of the Queen's about this time, that those services were not always bloodless, by which the new liegemen of the English crown now earned their adoption of that privilege. 'None is to be pardoned,' says the royal writer, 'but upon service done, and not only upon those they particularly hated, but upon any other, as they shall be directed.'" The plain English of all this is, that O'Cullen was asked to cut the throat of O'Sullivan Beare, or O'Sullivan Mor, or some other Irish lord or chieftain; and this, as an Irish chief, a soldier, a man of honour and conscience, and a religious, he absolutely refused to do. When good Queen Bess, whom Moore calls "the royal writer," ventured to propose to the Earl of Ormond and Ossory a certain way of serving Her Majesty, he wrote to Sussex or Burghley: "The claws of the Queen's letter, wherein she willeth the persons to be kept in sure hold, seemeth *veray strange* unto me, they having afore, according to Her Majesty's instructions, delivered pledges, done good service, and put in assurance of their loyalties. My lord, I wol *never use trechery to any; for it wol both toche Her Highness' honour too much*, and mine own credit; and whosoever gave the Queene advice thus to write is fitter to execute such *base sarvice* than I am. Saving my dutie to her Majestie, I wold I weare to have revenge by my sword of any man that thus persuadeth the Queen to *write to me*."<sup>2</sup>

The Queen some years afterwards was again easily persuaded to write to him to use his intimacy with O'Neil in order to entrap him. His lordship answered: "I have been employed by Her Majestie in many sarvices . . . all which, I thank God, I have performed without using *unhonest and filthy* practices. If my thanks shall be to be put to execute trechery, my fortune is bad, and the sarvice much better for such as devised the same than for me that never had, thank God, a thought of such matter. I protest before God," &c.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is certain from the Calendars of State Papers published since Moore penned his History. It was certain even before; but "the bard of all circles and the delight of his own," did not wish to say so.

<sup>2</sup> *Life and Letters of MacCarthy Mór*, p. 329.

<sup>3</sup> "The Taking of the Earl of Ormond," published in the *Kilkenny Journal of Archaeology*, vol. iii. p. 423.

This Earl of Ormond had been brought up in heresy at the English Court, was a favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and had done all in his power to bring about the ruin of the house of Desmond, which he ultimately accomplished. But from these letters it is clear that he was a man of honour. He was converted to the Catholic faith, soon after the death of Brother Collins, by the Jesuit Fathers, Walter Wall and Brian O'Kearney. From the first of his letters we may gather that even if Dominic Collins had rendered the "acceptable service," Elizabeth would have written to her officials in Ireland "to keep him in sure hold." But, as we have seen, he peremptorily refused to execute what Ormond calls "such base service to execute trechery, and to use dishonest and filthy practices." He was kept in chains for three months and a half in Cork, in the prison of common criminals; in that loathsome place he led a heavenly life, lightening its miseries by voluntary corporal mortifications, by constant communings with God in prayer and meditation, and by exercising the zeal of his religious Institute in preaching to heretics by word and example. When the time of the assizes came on he appeared before his judges in the habit of a Jesuit coadjutor, which he had brought with him from Compostella, and which he had been accustomed to wear when working in the refectory and kitchen. He donned this dress in order to show that he was to be condemned for the Catholic faith and for the religious profession of a Jesuit. So it appears that in those days there was no prison dress, and that Carew, who did not shrink from murder and other deeds of darkness, did not think of getting his habit torn off his back.

The biographers say, that Mountjoy, the Lord Deputy, who was a deadly enemy of the Catholic faith, presided at the trial; but we deem it more probable that it was Carew, the L. President of Munster.

When brought from prison before his judges, Dominic professed himself a Catholic and a member of the Society of Jesus. He was promised a command in the army if he would do *some acceptable service*; he refused to do anything so abominable. He was offered preferment in the Protestant Church if he renounced his faith and religious profession, and he rejected the proposal. He was threatened with the direst torments and with death, if he did not yield; and he told his enemies that he could not serve two masters, and preferred to suffer and die for Christ rather than renounce his religious profession or do any-

thing against his conscience. When he could not be won by promises or threats, he was sent back to prison, and his relatives and friends were prevailed on to visit him, and try and shake his constancy. These "friends," who were, we believe, the MacCarthys, O'Hurleys and De Courcys, besought him, for his own and his sister's<sup>1</sup> sake, to temporize, and not to bring ruin on himself and disgrace on an illustrious family. They suggested to him, that he might remain a Catholic at heart and outwardly conform for a time, in order to please the humours of the Queen; and that he could afterwards find a way of escaping (to Spain), where he could practise his religion in freedom. "Nay," said he, "what I am I will ever, ever to death, profess myself to be."

When neither the fair promises or dire threats of his enemies, nor the wily pleadings of his friends availed to shake him in his resolve to live and die in the Catholic Faith and in the Society of Jesus, he was sentenced to be hanged, to have his entrails torn out while he was still alive, and have his body cut in quarters. He received this sentence with composure calm and pure, and even with joy; and, being taken back to prison, awaited his deliverance with a transport of delight which had its source in a lively faith, and in the great hope, which he had expressed at Compostella and had cherished<sup>2</sup> ever since, of receiving the crown of martyrdom. This masterful self-possession, and the rapturous happiness which radiated from his heart over his countenance, so irritated his enemies that he was put to the torture repeatedly during the days previous to his execution,<sup>3</sup> a thing which is contrary to all human and Divine law. He bore these dreadful torments as if they were a pleasure to him, and he was thankful for them as for special favours from Heaven.

His tormentors were so maddened at his sublime patience and power of suffering that they sent him to the gallows before the time fixed by the sentence of death, and hanged him on the

<sup>1</sup> Randal O'Hurley, her son, and Dominic's nephew, was brother-in-law of De Courcy, eighteenth Baron of Kinsale, who fought on the English side at Kinsale; this Baron's mother was also an O'Hurley.

<sup>2</sup> "Tinha grandissimo desejo da martyrio." (Portuguese letter written from Clonmel on March 30, 1603, to Dominic's friend, Father Thomas White, who knew all the secrets of his soul.)

<sup>3</sup> "Antea tamen cruciatu repetito labefactare invictum pectus, at frustra, tentavit Montjoyus" (Jouvancy); "Jussit eum Montjoyus barbara immanitate torqueri per dies supplicio præviis" (Alegambe); "Recibi todo genero de penalidades y malos attramientos," (Nieremberg.)

31st of October, 1602, even the Lord's day, for which Protestants profess so much respect. He was led out from Cork amidst the prayers and tears of nearly all the citizens, and was conducted by soldiers to Youghal with his hands tied behind his back and a halter round his neck. On his way to the place of execution he kept before his mind the picture of our Lord going from Jerusalem to Calvary; he walked with great modesty and composure, his eyes fixed on heaven, his thoughts intent on God, his bearing dignified and showing great self-possession. When he saw the gallows he saluted it with tender affection, and when he reached it he knelt down and kissed it, and then prayed to God for himself and his fatherland, and, after the example of the martyrs, he prayed also for the Queen and all his enemies. He then with great alacrity and a steady step went up the ladder. Standing on its top as if in a pulpit (for he was dressed in the ordinary habit of the Society), he began more zealously than ever before to exhort the Catholics to preserve the faith with constancy till death, to be on their guard against the threats and promises of the Queen, the wrath of her ministers, and the wiles of the heretics; and he concluded thus: "Look up to heaven, and be not unworthy of your ancestors who boldly professed the faith; do you too uphold it. In defence of it I desire to give up my life to-day." These were the last words uttered by Dominic; they were most effective in encouraging the Catholics; uttered in that place and at that solemn moment by one of high birth who had shown contempt for worldly goods, they fell like a thunderbolt on the ears even of the heretics. The officers perceiving the effect of these words on the bystanders, and fearing that the crowd might be still more confirmed in their hatred of heresy, ordered him to be thrown off the ladder. He was but a short time hanging on the gallows, and still breathing and his breast heaving, when the executioner, in punishment of his bold profession of the Catholic religion, disembowelled him, cut his body in quarters, and tearing out his heart held it up to the people, uttering aloud the usual formula, "God save the Queen." The Queen did not live long after the execution of Dominic Collins; she went soon before the judgment-seat of God to account for all the innocent blood she had shed in England and Ireland, and all "the base, filthy and dishonest sarvices and practices" which she had ordered her servants to perform in Ireland and elsewhere.

The holy soul of Dominic went to be crowned in Heaven

with the diadem of Martyrs on October 31,<sup>1</sup> 1602, in the thirty-fifth year of his age,<sup>2</sup> and the fourth year of his religious profession. His head was probably put on a spike, as was usual in those times; "his mangled and holy remains were collected with piety, reverence, and affection by the people of Youghal, and were religiously buried in a chapel<sup>3</sup> close to the gate at which he was hanged. In that chapel he is honoured by the veneration of the faithful, and, as the Catholics affirm, he is glorified by God, who works miracles there at his intercession." This churchyard must be well known to the inhabitants of Youghal, and perhaps they might find the body in the ruined chapel, and identify it by its being headless and by the large size of the bones, as in the account written soon after his death by his friends of Compostella it is said that his great stature was a thing to look at—*statura visenda*. By his many biographers he is called a martyr; but he is so styled specially in the very earliest account<sup>4</sup> we have of him, written in Portuguese to his dear friend Father White by the Jesuits Leynach and Morony five months after his execution. It is very short and simple, and may serve as a summary and supplement of the sketch which we have already given:

OUR MARTYR.

Our Brother, who was a native of Yochiel, was born of very good parents, and served about seven years in the wars of France. For which and for being a man experienced in military matters, he got a very good reception in Spain. In spite of that he felt moved by God to become a coadjutor of our Society, and served with the greatest edification as refectorian in the College of Santiago; and we believe it was to his fidelity in the accomplishment of his lowly duties that he owed the crown of martyrdom which he ardently longed for. He was taken from the kitchen, and sent to be companion of Father Archer in Ireland. When the castle, in which he was, was besieged by the heretics, they promised him his life if he persuaded the warders to yield; and yet when they understood he was a religious, they broke their word. The greatness of soul and the constancy with which this Brother suffered death has caused the greatest admiration in the minds of all. He delivered an address with a loud voice while on his knees at the foot of the gallows: "Hail, holy cross, so long looked for and

<sup>1</sup> This was on Sunday according to most writers; but Nieremberg says "the day of his martyrdom was Thursday," and so it was according to the New Style.

<sup>2</sup> Rather the forty-ninth, if my copy of the Examination is correct.

<sup>3</sup> "Los Catolicos sepultaron el santo cuerpo en una *Hermita* fuero de los muros de la ciudad, junto à la *puerte* donde fué ahorcado." (Nieremberg.)

<sup>4</sup> Roman Archives, S.J., vol. *Anglia MSS.* 1590—1615.

desired by me ! How dear to me this hour, for which I have yearned since I put on this habit and have belonged to the Society of Jesus, earnestly asking for it every day, and never obtaining my request till this day ! O happy day !” Then, turning to the ministers of justice, he said to them with great seriousness and serenity : “ You think you have only to go on as you are doing, eating and drinking and gratifying your vain desires. Understand, then, that you are deceived therein. And you can see that in me : I had and could have continued to have many of those things you desire and ambition, and even much more than you. But I gave up all to become a poor religious and wear the habit in which you see me. For which I give many and fervent thanks to my God and Lord.” His words struck the bystanders to the heart, and made nearly all of them shed tears. Some notable things happened at his execution. When he was thrown off the ladder, the rope, which was thick and strong enough to hold a ship, snapped ; and, what is more remarkable, he fell on his knees, as if he were in prayer, and his eyes fixed on heaven. This Brother was named O’Coulén, and he was the first martyr of the Society in this land ; but if things go on as at present, he will soon have companions. From the cruelty with which these heretics, in their diabolical fury, have treated this servant of God for being a religious, we doubt not but that they would treat us in the same manner if they could get us into their hands. . . .

From Clonmel, March the 3rd, 1603.

NICHOLAS LEYNACH and ANDREW MORONY, S.J.

Our readers may have remarked that even Brother Dominic’s enemies speak of him with respect, and even, perhaps, with a certain feeling of admiration. They seem also to have been struck with the manly beauty of his face and to have taken his likeness, as at p. 34 of Bromley’s *Catalogue of engraved English Portraits* there is mentioned “ a small head of Dominic Collins, Jesuit, who died in 1602.” There is also in Tanner’s *Societas Jesu militans*,<sup>1</sup> an engraving representing the martyrdom of Brother Collins. It may be only a fancy sketch ; but as we hope to see this holy martyr beatified in our own lifetime, and we know that the matter has been placed in the hands of an energetic, erudite, and researchful Irish Jesuit, it is probable that the “ small head of Dominic Collins ” and his large bones will be discovered. His claim to the title of martyr will, we think, be fully established. The only things “ the devil’s advocate ” could advance are (1) that he was caught in the company of “ rebels.” But those whom the English chose to call by that name were styled by them even in the sixteenth

<sup>1</sup> Also in *Imagines Confessorum, S.J.* and D’Oultreman’s *Personnages Signalés, S.J.*, and in a *Tabula incisa Romæ*.



century as *the Irisshe enemie*; and besides the Irish princes and lords ceased to be independent only after the fight at Dunboy which ended the Fifteen Years' War. (2) It may be said that he should not have been in the Castle of Dunboy. But whither should he go? If he "rendered himself" to the English, he would have been asked under pain of death, to cut the throats of his countrymen, to deny his religion, and abandon religious life. (3) It may be urged that he was taken in arms. This is a false report of his enemies which reached De la Field in Dublin, and is disproved by the significant silence on this head (i) of the English record of his Examination, (ii) of Carew's and Slingby's account of his capture, (iii) of all the many sketches of his life, which also state that he was sent by the survivors of the ward to treat of the terms of surrender. When he, with Christian heroism and humility and in the face of obstacles of every kind, laid aside the sword and his command in the army to become a poor, hardworking coadjutor, tending the sick, a refectorian, a cook, a man-of-all-work, it is in the highest degree improbable that he took it up again in defence of his life against ruthless and merciless enemies. Had he done so, few of our readers would blame him; while many will condemn him, perhaps, for not having thrown himself into the fight with all his heart and soul. It is almost certain that the commander and the warders, whom the well-equipped besiegers outnumbered by twenty to one, must have besought him, who was such a brave, skilful, and powerful officer and swordsman, to lead them in the fight. But he had the courage to enter a religious order to do menial work at Compostella, when the Adelantado of the Spanish and Irish officers of the army and navy pressed him to remain with them and go to Ireland in order to help his countrymen to crush the English Protestant power in Ireland, at a time when, according to Father FitzSimon, who (as we shall see) was a gentleman of the pale of known loyalty to the English crown, the Irish were triumphant everywhere and had almost annihilated the best English army that had ever landed in that island. His whole soul was so filled with the idea that he was called by God to a religious life of peace, humility, and hard work in imitation of the life of our Lord at Nazareth, that he overbore the opposition of the Jesuits on one side and of the officers of the Spanish army and navy on the other; and from all the information at our disposal and from all the known circumstances of his four years of

religious life, we are convinced that the exalted and dominant idea he had of his vocation made him stifle all the promptings of his old martial spirit and turn a deaf ear to all the entreaties of the warders of Dunboy. He confined his attention to the wounded and dying, whom he tended and consoled as he had nursed the plague-stricken at Compostella; and, as his companion, Father Archer, testifies, "while attending the army he contrived to live with as much recollection as if he were in the solitude of a religious cell."

(4) It may be thought that the two letters written to him by Archer and Anias, about the way of strengthening the old castle, show that he was a combatant. On that point there may be divergences of opinion among our readers. But (i) the besiegers had not then appeared on the scene; (ii) it does not show that he was in arms, or that he personally worked at propping up the old pile; (iii) if he got such letters, it is not likely he would not have destroyed them, lest they should fall into English hands, as he was a cool-headed man and knew perfectly well from his military experience, that the castle could not hold out when attacked by an overwhelming force on sea and land; (iv) if he had been thoughtless enough to preserve them, it is not likely that they would be found in that mass of ruins; (v) they are most probably *forgeries*: people were forgers in those times and sent about forged letters of Dominic's Superior, Father Archer, in order to work up the Irish to shun him or even to murder him, as we shall see further on.

(5) Carew says that "the fryer, in whom no penitence appeared for his detestable treasons, was hanged." Yes; but (i) the same thing was said of the Blessed Edmund Campion and others; (ii) "detestable treasons" in the official language of the time was an unmeaning phrase used for rounding a sentence, somewhat like those poetical, insignificant *chevilles* of Irish verse, which so often vex and perplex even such a great Celtic scholar as Mr. Whitley Stokes; (iii) Carew's credit for honesty and veracity is quite cracked, he was one of those "English in Ireland" of whom, says the Blessed Edmund Campion, the great Earl of Kildare declared, that "on their bare words or frantic oaths he would not gage the life of a good hound." And those "detestable treasons," which Carew takes care not to mention, were that he was an Irish Catholic and a Jesuit.

We may brush aside then all these allegations and insinuations of "a devil's advocate," and conclude that Brother Dominic Collins was what he is styled by his contemporaries in and outside the English pale, and by his Irish, Spanish, French, Italian, Belgian, and German biographers, a martyr of the Society of Jesus—*Nosso Martyr O'Coulen*.

The life and death of this holy and heroic man are recorded with more or less of detail in the Portuguese letter of a MS. vol. of the Roman Archives, S.J., marked *Angliæ Historia* 1590—1615; in the published *Literæ Annuæ Prov. Castellane* of 1603; in FitzSimons' *Britannomachia* and *Catalogus Sanctorum Hiberniæ*; in the Martyrologium of the Society of Jesus, which is in the Burgundian Library, Brussels; in the German Menology of the Society of Jesus; in the *Processus Martyrialis* of Bishop Rothe, a contemporary writer; in O'Sullivan Beare's *Historia Catholica*; Bruodini *Propugnaculum Catholicæ veritatis*; Molanus; Jouvancy's *Historia S.J.*, and *Epitome Hist. S.J. Varones Illustres de la Compania de Jesus*; in F. de la Field's letter of March, 1503; in Tanner's *Societas Jesu militans*; in D'Oultreman's *Tableaux des Personnages Signalés de la Compagnie de Jesus*; in de Arana's Spanish Hist. of the Soc. of Jesus; in Damianus' *Synopsis Hist. S.J.*; in the *Imago Primi Sæculi, S.J.* pp. 535, 536; in Rho's *Variae Virtutum Historiæ*; in Elias a St. Theresia's *Legatio Ecclesiæ Triumphantis*; in Oliver's *Collectanea S.J.*; in Foley's *Collectanea S.J.*; in De Coste's *Histoire d'Edmond Campian*; in *Ibernia Ignatiana*, pp. 89 to 102, and in the *Irish Eccles. Record*, vol. x. p. 556.

### *The Birmingham Conference.*

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THE recent Conference of the Catholic Truth Society at Birmingham was held under the happiest auspices, and was in many ways an advance upon the two previous gatherings. By a wise arrangement, it immediately followed the General Conference of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul, which held its sittings on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday morning, those of the Truth Society beginning on the Monday afternoon. The two Societies have so much in common, and have always worked so harmoniously together, that this combination was a peculiarly fortunate one, and the attendance at the meetings of each benefited greatly by the arrangement. The Birmingham St. Vincent de Paul Conference was celebrating its Silver Jubilee, and in true fraternal spirit the Brothers from other districts were invited to rejoice with them. Here, as later at the Catholic Truth Society Conference, the social element was introduced, with great benefit to the work of the Society, and Brothers had an opportunity of discussing difficulties and comparing notes in an informal way. It was pleasant to be reminded by the President of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, who has held that office for nearly fifty years, that at one time the two Societies now assembled together were in a way united in his person; for it was Mr. George Blount who was Treasurer of the Catholic Truth Society during its first stage of existence some twenty years or more since.

The Catholic Truth Society Conference began on the Sunday, when sermons upon its work were preached in most of the Birmingham churches by special preachers. At St. Chad's Cathedral, the Bishop of Salford occupied the pulpit in the morning; and if some were disappointed when he announced that he was not going to speak about the Society of which he is President, they must speedily have felt themselves the gainers by his admirably reasoned sermon on the claims and position of the Prince of the Apostles, whose feast lent an additional dignity to the always beautiful and devotional services for which the Birmingham Cathedral is celebrated. In the evening,

the Bishop of the diocese expressed in the warmest and kindest way his sympathy with the two Societies then gathered together in Birmingham, and appealed to his flock to support their work by all means in their power.

The formal business of the Truth Society began on the afternoon of Monday, June 30, in the handsome hall of the Midland Institute, under the presidency of the Bishop of Birmingham, who was supported by their Lordships of Salford, Portsmouth, and Northampton. The presence, almost throughout the proceedings, of four Bishops on the platform, is sufficient evidence of the estimation in which the Society's work is held by our spiritual rulers; on the last day, the Bishop of Shrewsbury, always a warm friend, was added to their number. The proceedings, as is customary, began by the adoption of an address of loyalty and affection to the Holy Father, to which a gracious answer was telegraphed before the closing of the Conference.

The Catholic press has given so much space to a record of the papers read that it is not necessary to refer to them here at any length. Those who wish to get a fairly complete account of the proceedings will find it worth while to obtain all the newspapers, as one supplements the other. It may certainly be said that on no occasions have the subjects or the essays been more varied and interesting. Mr. C. T. Gatty's paper on Christian Art was most brilliant; Dr. Barry's and Father Ryder's essays were admirably composed and charmingly delivered. Canon Murnane's earnest and eloquent presentment of the Temperance Question set many thinking; the Bishop of Salford's masterly contribution on the Conversion of England was listened to with rapt attention; while the papers on Religious Art in Education by Father Chattaway, on Congregational Singing by Father Connelly, the choirmaster of St. George's Cathedral, and on Thrift by Father Nolan, were practical, telling, and interesting. The discussions were in general worthy of the papers; it is these which give life to the proceedings. The meetings were all well attended; the interest never flagged; and, although the subjects were fewer, and the time allotted to them was longer than at previous Conferences, it seemed that the discussion on some might have been profitably continued at greater length. Probably the allotment of one subject to each session, to be treated by two or three writers and then discussed, will be found a more convenient arrangement for future Conferences.

In the *resumé* given in this Review of last year's proceedings,

the candid chronicler was constrained to state that the evening arrangements left much to be desired. The good people of Birmingham determined that this stricture should not be repeated; and three brilliant successes followed each other on as many evenings. On Monday, a concert of congregational singing by a thousand children and half as many adults, followed by an address on the work of the Society from Mr. Costelloe, and concluded by a promenade concert, filled the Town Hall to overflowing. On Tuesday evening the Bishop received the visitors to the Art Exhibition, the choir of St. Chad's giving a selection of strictly ecclesiastical music; on Wednesday a less formal gathering took place in the same room, when the choir and bands of the Oratory gave a charming rendering of "figured" music, under the conduct of Father Richard Bellasis. Those who consider that the former is in its place in church and the latter in the concert-hall would certainly claim these two performances as supporting their view; the music which was so admirably in keeping in St. Chad's on Sunday, seemed somewhat heavy in the crowded hall, while that which sounded almost frivolous, if I may dare to say so, in the Oratory, showed to advantage here. Birmingham demanded "evening dress" on Tuesday, as a concession to local etiquette, and we had no choice but to comply; but it may be predicted that no similar restriction will be imposed at any social gatherings which may brighten the London Conference of 1891.

The Art Exhibition is a new departure at these Conferences, and one which was originated by a suggestion made in this Review last year. An excellent catalogue was issued with the Guide-book, and the objects themselves were labelled. Many regretted that there was no time during the day to inspect the beautiful things brought together, and that the evening meetings were so crowded as to make this impossible; but most of us found time to pay, at any rate, a brief visit to the valuable collection. Birmingham, which prides itself on being, in the words of the Guide-book, "the incunabula of ecclesiastical art," did justice to its reputation; and it may be hoped that similar exhibitions will be held whenever opportunity offers. This, like almost everything else, was under the direction of the indefatigable Father Greaney, to whom, more than to any one, the success of the Conference is due.

One feature of the Birmingham Conference which no other place can supply, and which will never be forgotten by those



privileged to take part in it, was the interview most kindly granted to us by Cardinal Newman, who was among the first to bid us God-speed, and to encourage our feeble beginnings. To have received the approval of one who, by his life and works, has done more for Catholic Truth than any Society can ever equal, is in itself no small honour; and those of us who knelt before him for his blessing went out from his presence more than ever resolved to work for that Church towards which John Henry Newman was finding his way for forty-five years of his life, and of which, for a second forty-five, he has been the zealous champion and dauntless defender.

In the notice of last year's Conference, it was said that others might emulate, but could not exceed, the open-handed generosity and hearty kindness with which the Catholics of Manchester welcomed to their homes and hospitably entertained those who came together from various parts of the country. This is still true; but if Birmingham did not exceed Manchester in the warmth of its welcome, it was only because Manchester could not be surpassed. One of the weekly papers says: "There has been discovered a bond among English Catholics which was perhaps unexpected, but is assuredly secure; and they who have been the means of discovering that bond to the world were the Catholics of Birmingham." To any person attending one of our Conferences for the first time, this might appear to be the case; but the Catholics of Birmingham would themselves be the last to claim so much. The "bond" which unites so many is the Catholic Truth Society; and the union is brought about by the steady presentment of a platform on which all Catholics can take their place.

These Conferences are of great value to the Catholic Truth Society, which thus gains publicity, and is enabled to explain its aims to a larger audience than it could otherwise secure; but the benefits which they bestow upon it are far outweighed by the gains which accrue to the Catholic cause in these kingdoms. First among these must be placed the mingling of clergy and laity in free discussion upon an equal footing, in a way which has not occurred since the days of the Catholic Institute (if then), and which is not presented by any existing organization. That the interests of the two are identical is of course admitted in theory. Clergy and laity co-operate in such bodies as the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, the Young Men's Society, the League of the Cross, and

numerous local and diocesan organizations created for the advancement of some special work. The Conferences of the Truth Society not only bring together priests and laymen from distant parts, but they afford a varied programme and an open platform for discussion, of which both clergy and laity can, and do, avail themselves. For this reason it may be hoped that a suggestion, made privately during the Conference, that these gatherings should be made an occasion for a private meeting of the clergy, will not be pressed. When we left Cardinal Newman's presence, one of the Fathers of the Oratory said to us: "I am sorry he forgot to say one thing which he had intended to say—that one of the good points of the Society was that it made the clergy and laity knock their heads together." The very foundation of the Society was due to clergy and laity working together; its prosperity and growth has been fostered by one as much as the other; and its usefulness will develop in exactly the same degree as this union is maintained.

It is, again, no small advantage that a platform should have been established which has not been, and will not be, invaded by the element of politics. From the first, this apple of discord has been carefully placed out of reach; whether in its committees, its conferences, or its publications, the Society has never diverged into the thorny paths which lead to entanglement and estrangement; it has declined to comply with a request to provide leaflets showing why every working-man should support the Conservatives, just as it has refused to supply pictures of the "Manchester Martyrs."<sup>1</sup> It has been suspected by Liberals of Conservative tendencies, while Tories have occasionally feared its lapse into Radicalism—a satisfactory evidence that it has held the balance evenly between the contending parties. Its aims are above party, and in their promotion members of every party can, and do, unite.

The social intercourse between Catholics which is engendered by the Conferences is not among the least of their benefits. We are still too much isolated, and often too shy of one another; and nothing brings us together in friendly personal intercourse so much as such gatherings as these. Quite apart from what takes place at the public meetings, workers are brought into contact, notes on methods of works are exchanged, and friendships are formed. This is a busy age, and much writing is a

<sup>1</sup> Both of these requests have actually been made.

weariness ; more can be done by a friendly chat than by the interchange of many letters. It may be that we have some special hobby-horse in which no one seems to be interested ; a poor thing, but our own ; and we cannot understand why it is every one is so indifferent to him. We trot him out timidly enough, and suddenly we find that distant friends have been watching his paces with sympathy, and are even themselves possessors of an animal of the same breed. We hear a paper read on some subject in which we take an interest, and which is full of suggestions : if we had read it in a review we should not have ventured to approach the writer, even if we knew who he was ; but here he is in the flesh before us, and we button-hole him as he goes out from the meeting, and gain further information than is supplied in his paper. We are less shy with each other ; some one of whom we have been timid on account of his writings, or on account of what we have heard about him, turns out to be a very decent fellow after all—in a word, we know each other better, and we like each other better on account of our knowledge. Similarly we learn our strength : perhaps we live in a small country mission, among a handful of Catholics : we come to the Conference, and we go back encouraged and refreshed by the sight of so many, all working in the same cause, and promoting the same interests.

There is no Catholic organization existing in England that has, in so short a time, developed such various forms of activity as the Catholic Truth Society ; no existing agency has done so much at so little cost ; none has elicited more active voluntary work on the part of its officers and organizers. One thing alone is needed to develop its power for good, and that is an increase of funds. At the present time it may be roughly estimated that the annual subscriptions do not much more than cover the cost of working ; it is to the profits of the sale of publications that we have to look for funds for printing. We have a large amount of MSS. awaiting publication, and a still larger list of subjects on which publications are needed ; these will be undertaken as soon as funds will permit. Every diocese of England was represented at the Conference : is it too much to hope that in every diocese the work of the Catholic Truth Society may be taken up with renewed vigour, and carried to a successful issue ?

JAMES BRITTEN.

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## *Glencoonoge.*

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### CHAPTER XVII.

#### TRACKING.

"No. 7" was too impatient to wait for luncheon, and as soon as Jan had landed us, we started for the Castle. "We;" for my friend begged of me to accompany him as a tacit reassurance to the housekeeper. I warned him that he would probably find Mrs. Mackenzie extra cautious if I were by, as she knew of old that I was a friend of the family; but he still insisted, though more doubtfully, that I should come. We walked briskly, and presently came in sight of Conn and the book-keeper strolling along the road some distance ahead of us. Conn had his hat on, as if he was going further. The book-keeper had left the house as she was, and had apparently not started with an intention of coming so far. She was in her usual dress, and he in his Sunday suit of blue pilot cloth. Both had natural advantages of figure and carriage, and made as gravely elegant a pair as you could wish to see, walking slowly under the high gothic archway of meeting boughs. I remarked as much to my companion; but he was too completely preoccupied with the prospects and possibilities opened out to his mind by our conversation of the morning to heed anything else; and I fell to speculating in my own mind on what the sensation could be like of having at last attained one's heart's desire.

We gradually gained upon Conn Hoolahan and his wife, and they hearing our approach turned and awaited us, thinking, perhaps, that I was the bearer of some message from the inn.

"This is the gentleman," said I to the book-keeper as soon as we had exchanged greetings, "whom I could not induce to join our festivities last night; but I suspect he has since been regretting his mistake."

The book-keeper smiled slightly and blushed.

"You were vexed, sir," she answered, addressing "No. 7," "to find everything upset and uncomfortable. It was too bad certainly after such a long drive."

"I would have come a greater distance for the sake of being here," said the stranger.

"Everybody says the same when they see how beautiful a place is Glencoonoge. Descriptions don't do it justice, and I am sure a hasty rushing through does not. I hope Mr. Shipley will persuade you to stay for a few days."

"No. 7" shook his head and smiled thoughtfully.

"I have been hard at work," said I, "all the morning showing the sights. We have scoured the lake and explored Bruff Island. Now we are on our way to see the Castle."

"I am going there myself," Conn struck in, "at least to the lodge, and if you like, sir, I can show you a short cut."

"That goes without saying," said I. "Leave you alone, Conn, for finding out a short cut."

"Well, to tell you the truth, sir, I didn't find it at all, I made it. 'Tis a good saving to go through the wood, if you're not afraid of a few scratches."

I turned indignantly to the book-keeper.

"What a heartless monster he must be to propose such a thing to you!"

"Oh! I must turn back. I have got my patient to attend to."

"Your patient?"

"Yes, Mrs. Ennis. Have you not heard? She has not got up. Over-fatigue, I think. She did too much yesterday. Mr. Bannon is driving to Lisheen this afternoon, and Mr. Hoolahan is going to send word by him to Dr. O'Leary to come over and see her. Make haste, Conn, or you will miss him," and with this and a slight inclination of the head to us the book-keeper turned away and began to retrace her steps. We followed the lead of Conn Hoolahan, who presently struck off the road at the break in the hedge which, according to his own confession, he had made himself, and for which some straying cow had no doubt got the credit. Conn's "cut" may have saved some yards, but I doubt whether it saved any time, as much of its length ran where the underwood grew thick, and brambles intertwined across. Our leader, to do him justice, bore the first brunt of such obstacles, and made energetic progress through their entanglement; but birch and briar, in trying to resume the

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position from which he had forced them, swung smartly in the faces of both of us who followed.

"'Tis only for a little way longer, sir, like this," said Conn, laughing at sundry muttered imprecations that he heard behind him. "We shall be in clearer ground presently. There is the broad pathway now running straight to the gate."

"You remind me," said "No. 7" to Conn, as soon as we had reached the said pathway, "of those half-dozen countrymen of yours who competed for a situation as coachman. The master asked each in turn how near he would drive to the edge of a cliff, supposing such a thing lay on one side of the road. 'Within two feet av it yer honour,' says one; 'Within one foot,' says the next; 'Within three inches, sir,' says a third, determined not to be beaten, 'within three inches and no harm.' A bit of reckless and useless adventure is dear to an Irishman's heart, and I am sure that the last fellow who said he'd keep as far off it as he could, and got the place in consequence, must have had English or Scotch blood in him. If you, my friend, had acted in the spirit of that young man, you would have taken us the longer round on this occasion, and I would not have torn my coat."

"I gave you fair warning, sir," said Conn, sharply, with a quick look up and down the stranger, "and I hadn't time to take you a longer round. There was no need for you to come if you didn't like. This is the pathway to the Castle, Mr. Shipley," he continued, turning to me, still with some sharpness, and then he strode off ahead of us at a rapid pace.

"That's a peppery customer," remarked the stranger, as he looked after Conn.

"He didn't come as our guide, but on business of his own."

"Humph! I had no idea of hurting his feelings. I'll make it up with him presently. Couldn't you ask him to come with us to the Castle? It may please him, and will serve my purpose."

"How?"

"We shall be three instead of two, and it will be easier for you to give me an opportunity of talking to the housekeeper alone, if needs be. Once favourably introduced, I think I can trust to myself to draw her out."

We came up with Conn at the lodge, talking in high good humour to the lodge-keeper's little girl, as she sat on his shoulder—her accustomed seat whenever he came that way. The lodge-



keeper's wife was hurrying towards him across the grass as we approached.

"Ah, Conn!" she cried, "is it there ye'll be?"

"'Tis myself, sure enough," said Conn.

"Himself'll be mad to have missed you. He never enjoyed himself so much as last night. But what's this I hear about Mike Connolly's child? She's worse, they say."

"Dying, ma'am," replied Conn, in his bright, musical voice.

"Do ye tell me so!" exclaimed the woman, much shocked.

"'Tis as true as I'm here," said Conn, putting down Dolly from his shoulder; who, crestfallen at not being allowed to play longer with his ears, and pull his hair, and dig her little knuckles into his eyes, began to turn down the corners of her mouth; "the child is ravin'. Sure, there's no hope, and 'tis better every way for it to die."

"Just listen to him!" exclaimed the woman. "Oh, then, wait, my fine boy, till you've got some of your own, and see if you'll be so willing to part with them—let alone an only one."

Conn took no notice of this remark, but asking whether "himself" had set out for Lisheen yet, and learning that he had not, left the instructions he had brought concerning the doctor.

It was no difficult matter to smooth away Conn's annoyance, if any still remained, and he readily agreed to accompany us to the Castle. Glencoonoge Castle is certainly less impressive when you come near to it, than when seen at a distance; what from the island had looked like venerable age, was found on a nearer view to be only modern shabbiness. No one would have expected from the dilapidated exterior to find within so much that was rich and costly. But what surprised the stranger most was to learn that the sprightly Irishwoman who received us was the housekeeper, her Scotch name having prepared him for a forbidding personage. Mrs. Mackenzie was, in fact, delighted to have the excitement of displaying once more the curiosities of the house in which she had for years taken something of the pride of ownership. In vain we besought her not to remove the cover from the huge alabaster vase that stood in the drawing-room, the readjusting of which would inevitably be a work of nicety and time. Not a chair, sofa, or table would she suffer to remain in veiled splendour; and as she revealed the embroidery of the one or the inlaid work of the other, she would look brightly in our faces, as if to enjoy the astonishment or pleasure such sights

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must necessarily call out. For my part, I did my best to express wonder and admiration enough to make up for the stranger's laconic approval.

"The O'Doherty leaves his house in good hands when he goes away," I remarked. "Look at that instrument," I added, touching my friend's elbow, as Mrs. Mackenzie uncovered a rosewood grand piano, that shone as darkly pellucid as a deep river in the shade; "no suspicion of damp! not a speck of dust! not a shade of dimness anywhere!"

"As to that," said the old woman, much pleased, "it would be strange if I didn't take an interest in anything belonging to this house. I've lived with the family since I was a girl. I was married to a bailiff here, and kept the lodge for many a year; and since my good man died I've been housekeeper in this house, and that's for ten years past; and my daughter and her husband now keep the lodge where I was before I came here. Yes, sir," she continued, seeing me bend over the piano, "'tis a fine piece of wood—real rosewood, I've heard tell—but don't touch, ah! for goodness don't," she cried, laughing, as I laid my hand upon the surface and made its brightness cloudy.

"It is a beautiful instrument," I said, repentantly, "at least as far as the outside goes."

"Then the outside is not the best part of it," she returned, rubbing the dimmed surface with her apron. "Many's the happy half-hour the servants and I have spent in the passage outside listening to the sound of it. Sure 'tis a wonderful instrument, entirely. Now 'tis like tunder, and then as soft as easy breathing. At one time you can make it wail like a banshee—if you know how that is; another," she added, with a glance at Conn, "you'd think to hear it that it was full of the spirit of some lively boy dancing on his wedding night. Oh, then! trust Miss Tresillian—that was, I beg her pardon, Madame O'Doherty that is—trust her to make it speak as if it was human. I'll say that for her anyhow. And 'tis not only play she can," continued Mrs. Mackenzie, as she resettled the covering, "but sing. There's not a song that ever was that she can't sing."

"It will be cheerful for the old gentleman of an evening," said I.

"Well, sir, the chances are now she's married she'll give up singing; and anyway he had daughters enough to entertain him."

"The daughters, if I remember rightly, never took kindly to their accomplishments."

We were ascending a broad staircase that led to the china gallery.

"She was bringing them on in the finest way you ever saw," answered Mrs. Mackenzie; "and then he must go and fall in love with the governess and spoil everything! Not take kindly is it! There's Miss Alicia that yer honour may remember" (why did she look at me askance?) "and Miss Bell and the two little ones, Flossie and Fluffy—pet names their father gave them—och! they're all getting on very well, entirely."

"The governess is clever, it would seem," put in the stranger.

"She is, sir, and not bad looking, neither."

"Amiable, I hope?"

"Well, for an Englishwoman, not so bad at all. She has more to say than most of them, too, and a good scholar to judge from all accounts, besides being——"

Besides being what else is more than I can here set down, because at this juncture I lagged behind to give my friend a clear coast, and beckoning to Conn to join me, made a pretence of examining some specimens of egg-shell china my eye had fallen on. As a matter of fact the various objects of curiosity with which I now renewed acquaintance, interested me less on this occasion than Conn's remarks upon them. He, seeing the housekeeper and her charge a long way off, took it on himself to do the honours of the place in my regard. To the office of cicerone he brought at least the charms of unconventionality and of a fresh enthusiasm. From some of the windows which lighted the gallery, hung cages of birds in postures so lifelike as to fill one with impatience that they should all remain so long just going to swoop, or spring, or perch, or sing.

"Are they stuffed?" I asked.

"Stuffed, sir? No. What do you think they are?"

I stood on tip-toe, but their distance above me still lent assistance to deception.

"They are painted charcoal, sir. Ah! see how delicately they are carved and tinted; look at the tail of that robin and the colour! look at the red on his breast! But come around here, sir. Wouldn't you take your oath *that* was a living yellow-hammer, with his bright eye and his beak just opening? Oh, then, may be, this fellow here isn't going to dart down on some

unlucky worm just poking his nose above ground. Ah, well now, taking it altogether I never saw the like of that for beauty; now that's the finest sight entirely ever I saw."

Conn's ecstasies were renewed at each cage, the minute and particular merits of which he insisted on pointing out; and it appeared to puzzle him in no small degree that I should seem more interested in the mosaics and in the venetian glass which writhed and turned in an infinite variety of contortions radiating pearly hues from a thousand shapes. I never saw so much or such diversity—and all antique—brought from Italy, Conn said, by the grandfather of the present man. He had fought in the wars against Napoleon, and had about that time acquired in various ways most of the treasures the Castle contained. The walls were everywhere hung with tapestry descriptive of divers subjects, to most of which, however, the key had been lost. Conn informed me confidentially and with much seriousness that it was not all equally good; and he proceeded to indicate those parts of any piece which he thought superior to the rest. From his criticisms it appeared as if his judgments were based more upon a consideration of the subject portrayed than upon the quality of the workmanship. A hunting or a war piece containing horses, dogs, cavalier horsemen with feathers in their wavy hats, soldiers on horseback charging with spears, with plenty of wounded and slain thickly bestrewing the ground, Conn would gravely contemplate, and shaking his head, pronounce it to be well done, explaining at the same time with a relish the points that touched him.

The library he dismissed with the curt remark that there was "a power of books *there*." Conn was no reader of books, or rather Nature was his only book—the trees, the fresh air, the colours of the sky, the waves which he breasted swimming or mounted in his boat, the curlew that fled screeching over the lake, the eagle veering above the mountain top; Nature and life—the life of his hills, details of passing events which he enjoyed with genial sympathy, sports which he loved with the keen ardour of a youth gifted with faultless health, and a wholesome unstained mind. Who would pity a young peasant possessed of so much because he was not a reader? I could not find it in my heart to think his want a defect, as by turns I stopped to examine some new object, or listened to the fresh and ringing tones of his voice.

We overtook the housekeeper and her guest in the picture

gallery. "No. 7" had made a long stand before the likeness of The O'Doherty, which still bears a strong resemblance to the original, though painted some years ago. Next to his hung the portrait of his late wife, a delicate faded lady who had been good-looking in her youth, and whose beauty had never at any time that I could remember degenerated into the melancholy simper which the artist had put upon her features. Mrs. Mackenzie became lacrymose before this picture, but the stranger was untouched by her pathos, and passed silently with her out of the room.

Directly they were gone, Conn brightened up considerably. "Come here, sir, come here!" And he led me over to a newly-painted picture of two girls in fanciful positions. After looking for some time, I made a guess that the figures before me were intended for Alicia O'Doherty and her sister Bell.

"But they are not a bit like," I added.

"Oh, sir!" cried Conn, deprecatingly.

"Not a bit," I continued relentlessly, determined to strangle once and for all the thought which Conn had several times previously betrayed, and which certain signs and tokens led me to believe he had not kept to himself, "not a bit. The faces on that canvas are far from being beautiful, but they are gross flatteries of the Misses O'Doherty. I suppose there never were two such ugly girls created before."

With this I turned lightly away, and made a trivial remark on some altogether different subject. But Conn only answered in a subdued way, and became thenceforth considerably dashed in his spirits. We sauntered back down the broad staircase and through the long rooms almost in silence. Then we let ourselves out, and went to sit on a bench on the terrace to await "No. 7." As Conn seemed downcast, I tried to enliven him.

"When do the family return?"

"I don't know, sir, for certain. They may be expected any time now."

There was a prolonged silence.

"The young ladies have improved since they were children," said Conn at length, "and are considered very handsome girls—especially the eldest."

"That's a blessing!" I remarked coolly, getting back to the defensive. "They used to be enough to frighten a horse from his oats—especially the eldest."

We had no time to pursue the discussion, for the stranger came towards us from the house with the brisk air of a man who has found what he wants and is now free to proceed to action. He was depositing a card in his purse, and Mrs. Mackenzie on her part was evidently gratified, too, from the way in which she smiled, standing on the doorsteps, and curtsying repeatedly.

"Do you know where my man is?" said the stranger, addressing Conn. "Find him if you don't, and tell him to get my car ready directly. I start at once for the nearest railway-station."

"That's thirty-eight miles off," said Conn, aghast. "You'll want luncheon, sir, before you go."

"Let them get it ready."

And off went Conn at full speed.

"What a lucky morning's work!" said my companion as we followed rapidly. "I have you to thank for this."

I felt quite elated, and asked whether he had discovered anything fresh.

"Everything tallies. Time, description—everything. My hope has become almost a certainty. That poor old lady! She itched to disparage the governess, yet was forced in spite of herself to admit that she was a superior person. I showed her the envelope addressed to Miss Walsingham, and she swears it is the handwriting of the governess. The family have been at Paris, perhaps are there still. I have got the address and am off to England."

"I wish you God-speed," said I. "It is a very singular thing that when I first heard of the governess and of the marriage that was about to take place, I thought of you and of what you had told me so short a time before. Had I only known where you were, you should have heard from me. It certainly is remarkable, most remarkable, that Mrs. Mackenzie should recognize the handwriting of that letter," I said musingly, as I tried to recall when and where it was I had heard that Mrs. Mackenzie could neither read nor write.

"It is convincing," said "No. 7," buoyantly.

Within an hour he had left Glencoonoge. Birds of passage are so common at "The Harp" that they pass through and away almost unnoticed; and moreover, Mrs. Ennis's indisposition claimed a good deal of attention just now. The only person who particularly referred to the stranger was Mrs. Mackenzie,



who rarely went to church, but whom I met on the following Sunday on her way home, after listening in all the glory of new ribbons to the parson's sermon. She leaned to the idea that "No. 7" (the designation by which my friend was always referred to) was an American; but she declared at the same time that wherever he came from, he was a very pleasant, well-spoken, well-behaved young gentleman.

After that I do not remember to have heard him spoken of; but as the days went on, I wondered from time to time how he had fared at Paris, and whether I should ever hear from him again.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

### A VILLAGE LAWYER.

TURN, turn, faithful pages of my diary! let not your scanty pencillings recall in full the heaviness which now fell upon the eventless and monotonous days! Looking back, indeed, my mind often dwells upon that time, because it was the tranquil prelude to events full of import to many in Glencoonoge; just as before the dawn there is a quiet hour when the wind falls and not a leaflet stirs, and stillness reigning, all things are as if they had ceased.

Yes, let me own it with repentance, those early spring days were as dull as any I had ever known. Rides and rambles over ground every inch of which I knew by heart, had lost their interest. Nature, still in her dormant mood, had not yet begun to show the signs of her new year's life. I longed for human interest and some kind of human sympathy all the more, no doubt, because for months past I had been privy to every episode in the domestic drama I have described. The curtain, as I thought, had fallen on that play. The newly-mated lovers were sufficient for each other—were happy, and so no longer interesting. Then, too, Mrs. Ennis, being ailing, was unsociable and at times querulous. Not that she was ill enough to make any one but herself uneasy. Dr. O'Leary said she had "a heavy cold, that was all;" and when a doctor is so perfectly comfortable in his mind, the inclination of those about the invalid will be in most cases to dismiss anxiety, and to think it somewhat unreasonable in the sick person not to be patient. But strong-

willed Mrs. Ennis was nervous and frightened about herself—which was natural after all, in an old lady—and insisted that the doctor should come to see her every day. The dispensary was not far from Lisheen, being a little way on this side of the town; and to have come all the way from there to “The Harp” and back every day, would have encroached too much on the doctor’s time. So he rode out on alternate evenings, dined and slept at the inn, and left early next morning. In this way he saw Mrs. Ennis every day, and as after each examination he oracularly pronounced the magic word, “Better,” Mrs. Ennis ought in reason to have felt reassured.

The doctor and I met occasionally of an evening. At first I used to ask after the health of our hostess; but in some undefinable way I was made to feel that the question was not relished. At odd times I fell to speculating why this should be, and concluded that the doctor, who had his share of touchiness, felt that the illness did not warrant all the fuss that was being made about it, and that his falling in so easily with the whim of the old lady to see him constantly, was liable to be set down to interested motives. On other subjects the doctor would talk freely enough; and his descriptions of some of his friends at Lisheen were very entertaining and remarkably clever. I was acquainted with only one of these personages, Mr. Jardine the attorney to wit, whom I had not seen since his visit to Glencoonoge some months previously, when he had asked me to call on him. Why had I not availed myself of his invitation? I could hardly plead the distance to Lisheen, or the rough country road, because I had surmounted those barriers to intercourse more than once since that time. The truth probably was that I had not been much interested hitherto in the lawyer, and had always regarded him with a certain mixture of awe and uncertainty. Until Dr. O’Leary began to caricature him I hardly understood the man. The doctor showed me the lawyer in a clearer aspect, presented his humours in an amiable light, indicated traits, the existence of which had not occurred to me—in fine, aroused my curiosity so much, that the next time I had occasion to go to Lisheen, I did not return without redeeming the promise I had made at our last meeting.

Mr. Jardine’s house is one of three forming a block, which, like the old church with the square tower and a row of shops opposite, is a boundary of the market-square. The space which is extremely animated on market and fair days, was

quiet enough the day I knocked at Mr. Jardine's door. The lawyer readily left his papers to play the part of genial host, and showed me over his house, claiming credit at every step for the neatness of his bachelor home, and the ingenuity of its arrangements. His bath-room was constructed on a novel principle. The stove in his bed-room—"from England," as he assured me with a bow—by means of which he could in a few minutes at one and the same instant boil his kettle and his egg, broil his bacon, and draw his tea, was a source to him of pride only tempered by the thought of some more perfect system of which he had read, worked by gas. The mention of the word "gas" set him bewailing for an interval. Gas had not yet reached this valley-town, hedged in by many a mountainous mile from the outer world; this antediluvian spot where folks burned rush-lights in their shops and cabins, or oil in their parlours, as in the times of their fathers. But presently he began to chirp again concerning himself and his surroundings like a happy bird. His home so trim and bright was almost enough to make one in love with old bachelorhood. Not a speck of dust was anywhere to be seen, and no object in the house was more spick and span than himself. He had but just risen from his papers, yet he looked new brushed. His face was clean-shaved and the arrangement of his hair as perfect as usual. Brushed up from the sides, where it grew thickly, it covered up the bald crown without a hitch; every hair was made to tell, not a crack anywhere betrayed the faintest streak of skull. How long did it take him of a morning to arrange? What was the dye that produced its peculiar hue? Why did he—but there, enough. Speculation on this topic I know by experience ends only in confusion and bewilderment. All I will dare to say upon this fascinating subject is, that if it had not been for the light-brown colour of his hair, one might have guessed at Mr. Jardine's age with greater safety. Dr. O'Leary is my authority that on this important question public opinion in the town was strangely divided. Some said Mr. Jardine was not so old at all, others that he was very old entirely. Disputants of the first way of thinking pointed in support of their theory to his walk, which had no age in it, being light and easy; those of the second class maintained that "jaunty" was more the word to call it by; and that a short, spare man like him might live to any age without showing the sign of a totter. Some said his face, which had a delicate wax-like transparency, was not the face of

an old man, for it had few lines or wrinkles, and hardly any crowsfeet about the corners of the eyes; while others asked what was the meaning of the droop in the eyelids, and whispered that if you could only see his neck and throat without the heavy cravat and the high collar, you would find scragginess to your heart's content. All agreed about three things—that even if he were as old as Mathusala, he bore his age well; that old Nick himself didn't know more about the law; and that he was possessed of untold wealth.

That there should have been so much speculation in regard to the attorney, shows that for the most part he was not familiar with his neighbours. In fact, as a rule, he saw but little company, lived very much to himself, was devoted to his business, which afforded him numerous opportunities of gaining a pretty clear insight into the affairs of other people. No doubt it was a true instinct which led him to be generally reserved; for simplicity does not inspire respect; and, as I had been glad to learn from the doctor, the lawyer, though a competent man of business, had very artless moments, was not unfrequently humorous without knowing it, was often glaringly inconsistent, and by no means the incarnation of knowingness he was proud of being held to be by the cutely simple folk amongst whom he dwelt. During dinner we got talking about the law as a profession. It had once been designed for myself, and I remarked how fortunate it was that I had not spent much of my time in preparing for it, because from what I could make out, it was a profession in which nothing but brilliant gifts, united to very assiduous perseverance, could ever achieve success.

"Ah, now!" said Mr. Jardine, holding up a glass of claret to the light, "people make great mistakes about that. It isn't those that stick closest to their books that make the best lawyers. I have seen a man come into court having given his whole attention to his case, thought of nothing else may be for days, sat up at it all night mayhap; and I have seen the fellow on the other side, a bright devil-may-care fellow, who had hunted and taken his pleasure while the other was stewing, and that rollicking young man has walked in and bowled your plodder over on the first point raised."

"Some difference in quality of intellect?" I asked.

"A difference certainly. A difference caused not by superiority or inferiority on one side or the other, but by a difference

in the treatment which each has received ; the one having been dulled and made slow by too much application ; the other preserved in all its original elasticity by shorter strains, more frequent relaxation, and greater variety of exercise."

"The fact is, a lawyer is a man of action, and his mental powers should be rapid rather than deep."

"He should be like a fencer, sir, alert, prompt, ready for every twist and turn, prepared to parry, and quick to see his opportunity to longe. Adroitness with us is of more importance than learning ; though the more learning a man possesses in addition to the qualities I have already named," added the little man, glancing at his well-filled bookshelves, pressing the points of his collar together, measuring a finger's-length from their tips, and pushing up his chin by that attitude, "the better. But then," he continued, almost immediately, forgetting his dignity and relapsing into ease again, "what knowledge a man has, he should have at his fingers' ends. It should not be packed and stowed away so that he cannot get at it without time and trouble ; nor should it lie so heavily as to produce a torpid brooding habit of mind ; but it should pervade him, like food well-digested, moving him without effort to accomplish his task with easy and unconscious strength. Such a man will be able to shift his ground with facility and to pass lightly from one subject to another. I remember once, before I had been long practising——"

And then Mr. Jardine launched into a long story of his own professional skill, rather prosy in the telling and not worth repeating. This he followed up with a familiar anecdote about O'Connell. I liked him better when he got away from the secure ground of his profession, and displayed himself as he sometimes appeared in circumstances outside the narrow groove of his everyday life. Don't you find that there are certain people who touch the sympathies of others most effectually by appearing at a disadvantage ? I saw a rough soldier once who didn't know a note of music, bestride a piano stool and blunder terribly in trying to pick out the notes of a very simple tune on the piano. The girl he afterwards married was looking on, and she fell in love with him there and then and therefore. On the same principle I can't help thinking that Mr. Jardine's bitterest enemy hearing him recount one or other of his adventures abroad, would have felt his hard opinion of the lawyer gradually melting.

"Were you ever in London?" asked Mr. Jardine, during a pause.

I had been there several times.

"Now, isn't it a terrible place? Wait till I tell you what happened to myself. Do you know St. Giles's?"

I had heard of it.

"I had heard of it, too," continued the attorney, "and I was curious to see the place; and down I strolled among it one afternoon like a fool, all alone by myself. Oh! the villanous faces you'd see there! Not a man that you'd meet but had the look of murder on him. As for the women! and the children! Sure 'tis no wonder that London is the wickedest city in the world. But wait till I tell you. There was one villain, if possible, more repulsive in his appearance than the rest. He was standing at the corner of a narrow street, and he had his eye fixed on me as I came along. Will you believe me when I say that though I perceived that man looking at me with an unmistakeable expression in his eye, I had the stout heart—for I can call it by no other name—not to stop; but on I walked till I passed him. Then, sir, what do you think he did? Why with all the impudence in the world he turns quietly round, first to look at me, and then to walk after me. I had my watch on, and all the money I had in the country about me at the time, and so you may imagine I mended my pace. What did he do but begin to walk quicker too. Seeing that, I set-to to run; so did he. I ran faster, he did the same; and I give you my word of honour, I was nearly out of breath when in turning a corner, whom should I run into but a policeman. Sure I was out of breath, but for all that I turned round to point out the blackguard behind me, but divil a bit of him was to be seen anywhere. I told the policeman all. He was a countryman of my own, and he said: 'You may think yourself lucky,' said he, 'you ran into me just in the nick of time. You don't know these people,' says he, 'I do. Now listen to me,' said he, 'and take a word of advice. Don't stay another twenty-four hours in this town. If you do, I wouldn't give a fig for your life,' said he. 'There's a plot agin you,' said he. 'You're watched. And if you let twenty-four hours go by and you in London, you're a dead man.' 'But you don't mean to tell me, policeman,' says I — 'Oh very well,' says he, turning to walk away, 'if you don't like to believe me I can't help it. But if anything happens to you, don't say I didn't give you fair warning.' Egad I took



the night mail for Dublin that same evening, and so I'm here to tell the tale. But wasn't that an adventure now."

And then, without leaving me time to give him an answer, he caught up, in quite a different tone, the thread of a topic he had started and dropped an hour before.

"And so I hear Mrs. Ennis is not well?"

I said she had been ailing for some time past, and was being daily visited by the doctor.

"O'Leary told me as much," he returned. "Between ourselves, I don't think he's altogether easy about her. She's not getting young, you see. A fortunate woman! and an excellent woman," continued Mr. Jardine, musingly. "With that little inn of hers, she has done wonders for the place. She will be a great loss whenever she goes."

"What a pity she has no child to leave her money to!"

"Humph! I'm not so sure that she has much money to leave. That nephew of hers, or rather of her husband's, has drained her pretty effectually, I'm afraid. A hopeless young blackguard! He has run through her savings and mortgaged his own reversion. Egad, the best thing he could do for all parties would be to die off. Then everything would go to his brother. What a sell it would be for the money-lenders who have entangled him, the fool!"—and then it was I learned for the first time some of the facts with which I have supplemented in an earlier chapter the account of Mr. Jardine's visit to "The Harp" shortly after my arrival.

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Jardine, when he had finished, "it was a mistake of Mrs. Ennis trying to make gentlemen of her nephews. One of them, to be sure, has turned out well enough according to all accounts. But it's the way with us Irish! to be always wanting to place our children in positions superior to their birth; and when, after all the strivings, they are made lawyers and doctors and the rest of it, not being, as one may say, to the manner born, they haven't the heads to bear it, but launch out into extravagance, and recklessness, and infamy of all kinds."

"I don't know," said I, thinking of instances within my knowledge, "that that tendency is peculiar to young Irishmen educated above their original station, nor indeed am I certain that the question of social position has much to do with it. Given youth, and the inclinations of youth unbridled by strong prin-

ciple, and unhindered by want of means to gratify them, and excess in many shapes is sure to follow. Have you never heard of the scions of old families sowing wild oats, getting into debt, falling into the hands of sharpers, forming illicit connections, making *mésalliances*?"

"To be sure. There is some truth in what you say. I have heard of such things."

"Aye, and seen them too, if you have been in the way of it. But does Mrs. Ennis know the extent to which her nephew is involved?"

"No, I think not. And there is no reason why she should know. The young man is not a blood-relation; but her association with him dates from his childhood, and of course it would be very painful for her to know that her death had been discounted. No, I don't think she can know."

"You speak doubtingly."

"She would surely have spoken to me of it, if she had known. Yet it is strange, too, that the partners in that rascally firm should have passed through the inn without her having gained an inkling of what their business was, especially as I am told they were most savagely ill-treated."

"What! How? When?"

"Oh, that fellow Conn Hoolahan wasn't it? Sure, I'm told you were there; you must have seen it all."

"Do you mean to say those were the people who have got young Ennis in their toils?"

"I do indeed. Goble and Lend—the firm of solicitors against whom I myself put Mrs. Ennis on her guard months ago. I tell you they were at that very time taking stock—judging of the value of 'The Harp' and of how long Mrs. Ennis was likely to live."

"Good God! what a scoundrel young Ennis must be to send such vipers into our paradise; and as for them, they got off too easily; they deserved all Conn gave them, and more."

But the lawyer shook his head.

"These people, my dear sir, may have the power to be revenged on Conn some day. It was a pity he let his heat get the better of him; but 'tis the unfortunate way with us Irish."

"Conn's bravery won him his wife," I said defiantly.

Mr. Jardine shrugged his shoulders. "That may be; but don't forget that a man with a wife is an easier mark to hit than

one without, and easier still if he happens to have children. But come, what's this? We are getting serious. Ah, young gentleman! a man of my age and of my experience, living the quiet life I lead, is apt sometimes to forecast gloomily. Never mind me. Fill your glass. Not another? Sure the daylight's all gone, the night won't be darker than it is; you needn't start for half an hour yet. Well, if you will. I'll walk with you to the stables, see you mounted, and send you out of Lisheen with a God-speed, anyhow."

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## CHAPTER XIX.

## A BURST OF SPRING.

ON our way to the stables where I had put up my horse, Mr. Jardine discoursed upon a variety of topics started in every instance by this or that which happened to meet his eye on the way. Now it was a member of the constabulary force who saluted him as he passed, now some children squabbling over an upset barrow, or now a shop with a thriving appearance. As matters of this kind met us at every step, one subject was rapidly dislodged in his monologue by the next. He was expatiating, for instance, upon a certain haberdasher's shop which was a curiosity inasmuch as it had passed from father to son for three generations, though during each period it had been a source of considerable revenue to its proprietor; and he was proceeding to explain that in other hands the business would have been inevitably sold long ago, in which case the Carews would by this time have gone to swell the class of decaying gentilities, when he pulled up sharply, cocked his ears, and opened his eyes at the sight of a coach laden with luggage which was drawing up at that moment in front of the hotel.

"That," said he, "is a coach from the station at Dunmagee. I know that vehicle and the horses right well. But who can be travelling in this style at this time of year? It isn't Murphy, a car is always good enough for him; and it isn't Carew, for I saw him in his shop only this afternoon."

Some one in the hotel had by this time run out and opened the door of the coach, from which alighted a young lady of slight appearance, then another of about the same age, then a third and a fourth, the last two being a pair of hoydenish

girls in short dresses. As they descended, they one after the other disappeared into the hotel.

"As I'm alive," cried Mr. Jardine, "'tis the O'Doherty children come home! And alone, too!"

The carriage was empty as we hurried past into the hotel.

"Welcome, welcome home, my dear young ladies!" said Mr. Jardine, following them into the parlour with both hands outstretched. "'Tis the first blush of spring returning," he continued, shaking hands with each in turn; "it isn't for nothing the violets, and the primroses, and the crocuses white and yellow, are raising their heads and opening their eyes on every bank and bray; they knew what was coming, egad. And how's your good father and his—ahem—and his lovely daughters, how are yourselves, my dears? But why do I ask? Sure the roses of health are on your cheeks, and youth and beauty tell their wondrous tale."

Astonishment prevented me from hearing any more of Mr. Jardine's palaver. What a change was here—the silent work of two short years! For only so long was it since I had last seen these girls. But for Mr. Jardine, I believe I might have sat in the room with them for some time before discovering that these were Alicia, Bell, Flora, and Katie O'Doherty. Alicia and Bell, how much improved! they must be nearing the end of their teens. And could those two stupid-looking gawky hoydens, who were shyly eyeing me askance, be really and truly Flossie and Fluffy, who only yesterday were noisy romping little girls? I was looking thus in blank amazement from one to the other, when I heard my own name uttered, and met Alicia's eyes bright with recognition. It was she who had spoken. Her livelier sister catching her words, stopped in what she was saying, and looking at me steadily, cried out: "So it is! Mr. Shipley, I declare! Mr. Jardine, why didn't you tell us?"

"Why, sir!" said Mr. Jardine, turning round and addressing me with mock indignation, "do you mean to tell me you have been standing there all this time without making yourself known to the young ladies? But, my dear children, you have just come from England, and know how bashful the young men are in that country. Let me introduce Mr. Shipley, a shy young gentleman from England, sadly in want of a little Irish impudence."

"Can't you spare him some, sir?" asked Bell.

"Egad, no," said the lawyer; "I find it too useful to part with. What is it?" to a waiter who entered.

"Would the ladies be after having any refreshment while the fresh horses is being put to," says the waiter, a slatternly fellow not at all up to the mark of ours at Glencoonoge.

"Tea," cried the ready Bell, "and be quick, or we shall go without it." The waiter was gone like a shot.

Mr. Jardine looked round in smiling admiration. "Egad, I never heard an order more promptly given, or more quickly obeyed."

I sat down by Alicia. "And so you remember me, Miss O'Doherty. I have not changed for the better then so much as to be beyond recognition?"

"You have not changed a bit, Mr. Shipley," said Alicia, brightly. "I should have known you anywhere. Didn't you know us? Oh, Bell! listen to that! Mr. Shipley thinks we are so much altered. Well, you know, we have been to Harrogate, and Leamington, and London, and Paris, and so we have seen a great deal of the world lately."

All the time she was speaking I was thinking, what a pretty quiet grace of manner! neither too fast nor too slow; not sharply alert, yet ready enough in an effortless way. Oh! what clear brown eyes! large, soft, and deep; and she has black hair, wavy black hair! and her face—how creamy white! Oh, shame! Oh, gross stupidity! How could I ever have said she was a fright! Alas, say it I did, *mea culpa!* and what was worse, I thought it, *mea maxima culpa!*

Already it seemed to me that Alicia had far outstripped Bell in the race for beauty; Bell, who with her blue eyes and black hair and florid complexion was always considered to have the advantage. Some might think so still. Some might even prefer her manner, which was more animated. An honest out-spoken girl! She did most of the talking, and answered Mr. Jardine's greetings and compliments for the rest with *aplomb*. Well after all she was only the complement of the saucy, high-spirited, ready-tongued Bell, regarding whom my ordinary condition of mind had always been one of uncertainty as to what she would be likely to do or say next. But Alicia! What a revelation! What a vision!

"Are you staying here, Mr. Shipley?" she asked.

"No, at Glencoonoge, where I have been some months

expecting every day you would all come home"—that was a compliment if Alicia had only known. "I am riding back to-night, and shall be happy to escort you."

"How nice!" cried Bell from the other side of the room, where she was talking with Mr. Jardine. "Then if any one tries to shoot us we shall be all right."

"But how is it you are travelling alone?" inquired Mr. Jardine. "Where is your father and your—a—and his—a—where is your father?"

"He has gone to the south of France with—a—" and Alicia turned away with a sigh.

"With Madame O'Doherty," said Bell, addressing Mr. Jardine. "You know papa is married, of course. They wouldn't take us with them—at least papa wouldn't have minded, but Madame O'Doherty—well, I suppose she thinks she'll have enough of us when she comes home. I am sure we shall have more than we want of her. They needn't hurry themselves on our account—at least she needn't. I hate artful people."

"But, my dear!" said Mr. Jardine, in a shocked tone of reproof, "remember she is now your mother."

"She isn't mine!" flashed out the usually quiet Alicia.

"She is not mine, I'm sure," said Bell, tossing her head.

The two youngest girls put their heads together, whispered in each other's ears, and shook their heads.

"What's that?" cried Mr. Jardine, turning sharp round on the little things. "No rebellion here, I hope?"

"She's not ours," said Flossie boldly, pursing up her lips after she had said it and shaking her head violently, while Fluffy imitated her gesture, though she said nothing.

Mr. Jardine, quite taken aback, was drawing himself up in order to deliver some remarks with a dignity appropriate to the solemn occasion, when the waiter's entrance with the tea-tray caused the oration to be postponed to that more fitting opportunity which, so far as I am aware, never arrived. The tea revived the travellers and caused what was happy in their recent experiences to come uppermost. The lowering cloud dispersed, and we became the brightest, cheeriest, merriest, and, if the whole truth must be told, the noisiest party imaginable. Flossie and Fluffy lost their shyness and screamed with delight when the latter spilt a cup of tea over her frock. Bell was as bright as even she could be, and Alicia laughed heartily either with or at Mr. Jardine who, as if overjoyed at having escaped the com-



mission of a piece of ill-timed solemnity, excelled himself in sprightliness. In fact he proved himself so eminently sociable, that I kept wondering how he managed to live so much the life of a recluse as he did. When the coach started from the hotel and four girlish hands out of the window waved adieux to him standing in the middle of the roadway with hat in hand and bowing with antique profuseness, I could not but feel sorry for the old fellow, knowing that he would presently turn away and bend his steps to that cold, trim, silent home of his, where children's laughter never sounded. My charges kept up their mirthfulness all the way to Glencoonoge, and whenever the coach slackened and began to crawl uphill, put their heads out of the window to ask all sorts of questions about home, and Mrs. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Ennis, and others, concerning whom they seemed to grow more curious the nearer they approached the Castle. Imagine Mrs. Mackenzie's surprise at seeing them! for with a thoughtlessness which was to be expected from a pack of children, they had sent no word that they were coming. Still the housekeeper was delighted as well as surprised, and while she bewailed her unpreparedness, hugged her dear young mistresses and received with joy their embraces. I rode away, leaving them thus occupied, and promising to call some time on the morrow.

Why was I so elated at this prospect? What was it that had put *ennui* to flight as by a magic touch? that made the dark road seem luminous, and familiar surroundings interesting once more? Its wonted quiet rested on the inn, yet I thought its lights most hospitable. There was a group of loungers on the road as on most evenings, but to-night the pipes glowed warmly out of the darkness, and the voices sounded as cheerily as of old. As I dismounted, Jeremiah Hoolahan darted forward, and taking my horse, led it away towards the stables. Within the inn everything was much as usual, and yet everything seemed renewed and fresh, and wearisome no longer. The door of Mrs. Ennis's room was ajar, the old lady dozing in her big arm-chair, the book-keeper stitching silently in a low seat on the opposite side of the fire-place. From the distant kitchen came the faint wail of Conn's violin, that coy mistress from whose tones all the inconstant fellow's efforts would never now win new favours. I stood and listened, touched once more as I had been formerly at those sounds; glad, too, to think that discordant and halting as they were, they had not lost for him

their power to please and soothe and colour happily his vacant moments. Some instinct never failed to draw Conn in the direction in which news was to be had. I had given up waiting for him to begin again, and was just about to go upstairs, when he appeared at the end of the passage stretching his lanky form, and yawning with a heartiness which told that the day's work was over and bed-time near. He brightened as he approached, and as I told him what a jolly day I'd had, and of the arrival of the young people at the Castle. A minute later he had preceded me into Mrs. Ennis's parlour, which was presently all alive with the news. Mrs. Ennis roused herself and was very eager to hear everything; exclaimed, wondered, speculated, and enlarged on every fact supplied her to such an extent, that after she had retired I congratulated the book-keeper on the success which had rewarded her care, for Mrs. Ennis seemed more like her old self than she had been for many a day.

"It was only just now that she became so," returned the book-keeper. "She has been very lethargic all day."

"Want of a little change and excitement, nothing more," said I. "You see how she brightened up. The fact is, at her age it becomes all the more difficult to throw off even the slightest ailment, when existence is so monotonous, so entirely uneventful as it is, necessarily, in a quiet out-of-the-way place like Glencoonoge. We must try and enliven her somehow."

"Monotonous?" inquired the book-keeper, a little surprised.

"Uneventful!" cried Conn. "Gad, I never knew a winter like this for being full of excitement. The days fly away so fast I don't know where they go to at all."

All very well for Conn and the book-keeper to talk like that, I thought. But before very long I began to know how right, from their point of view, they were. The days were now lengthening; but to me they became shorter than any I had known that winter. Naturally hours pass more slowly when you are drifting alone in a boat on an inland sea, watching the light changing on the mountains, or the clouds flitting across the blue waters, or killing time in such-like ways with all the effort it had cost me lately, than if your boat happens to be full of merry children, or you ride along the roads beside a waggonette full of the same company made buoyant by their own youthfulness, fresh as the signs of coming spring, starting mirth out of everything and finding it even in the motley, chilly,

hungry peasant boys and girls who followed us, struggling and scrambling for the pence thrown to them. Sometimes when the days were too wet or cold for outdoor pastimes, I would walk across to the Castle. The girls had unpacked their trunks and were renewing their delight over their purchases in England; or we looked over old volumes of photographs which recalled for us old times, half-remembered faces, and gone-out fashions; or we wandered loiteringly over the house. The painted birds in the cages had never been thought much of till now, when I described Conn's comments on them; but I did not repeat my own, when called upon to say what I thought of the picture lately painted of Alicia and Bell.

But it was not always wet. There came days, such as I have never known before, days which henceforth I shall always associate with the first balmy burst of spring when Hope is in the air, and sometimes visibly appears in the shape of a fine green mist brooding over sylvan scenery. I well remember the first time I became aware of their delicious peculiarity. It was in going to the Castle, and having somehow got out of the beaten track, I happened in the most unexpected way to come upon Alicia O'Doherty pacing the shady turf alone in a secluded spot. A bench was near, and after we had walked a little, we sat down and continued talking. It was delightful. An hour flew by like a minute. How grudgingly did I see the waning of the day! As we rose I asked Alicia whether she often came there of an afternoon. It was a favourite walk of hers she said, the trees were so tall and old, the grass so thick and soft and mossy. It was quiet too, no one ever came that way, and one could be assured of being quite undisturbed if one wanted to read or—or think or anything. Often as we walked back we stopped to listen to two answering blackbirds who seemed to be before and behind us all the way, or to admire the peeping forth of the young buds, declaring it was a shame to go home and leave them all alone.

"A day like this," said Alicia, "is so inspiriting. There is a freshness somehow over everything. You feel the winter is gone, and all the year before you. Vexation is softened and melts almost quite away."

"Vexation!" I cried, looking on that fair young brow and face without a line in it; "you do not know what the word means."

But when she told me, in all their details, her annoyances

during many months caused by the prospect of her father's marriage, I was both touched by her confidence, and saw and sympathized with the magnitude of the misfortune, as it seemed in her eyes, of being deposed from her position of mistress of her father's house. That catastrophe was clearly the cause of the subdued quietness which was part of her charm, and which yet, I thought, it would be delightful to put to flight.

It seldom rained for long together after that. Next day we met at the same spot; and again the next. Presently Alicia said she must find out some new place where she could take exercise alone, and would not let me stay with her. But I grew less and less content unless we sat and talked for a long stretch. And every time I knew more surely that the recent days had become transformed because I loved Alicia. An interval of torturing doubt lest my confession should be the death-knell of our friendship, a dawning belief developing into confidence that I might hope, our simultaneous discovery of the secret of each other, and the exchanging of eternal vows—these were the all-sufficing incidents that next followed, these the events that banished everything else from our minds, as the streaming sun risen out of morning mists makes the beholders blind to everything but its own glory. I cannot define, no words of mine shall ever try to paint the happiness of that time. So full of mutual confidence were we, so strong in hope, that we almost rejoiced at the prospect of obstacles and difficulties, and used to heighten our bliss by trying to conjure up terrors. Would not Alicia's father refuse to sanction his daughter's marriage with the son of a *parvenu*, however rich? I had heard Irish gentlemen have often so much pride of race, they sometimes do not think money a sufficient counterpoise to low birth, however much venerated by education. That was *my* bogus. But Alicia lightly set it at nought, and almost persuaded me by her reasoning when she spoke of her father's impoverishment during the bad seasons and the agitation, and when she said that it would surely be her step-mother's desire to clear the house of daughters, that her reign as mistress of the Castle might be undisputed.

But if Alicia proved my fears to be unsubstantial, hers were not worth arguing with, being only fit to make anybody laugh. How loveable was her alarm! How childlike her forebodings! Was I quite sure, she said, that my people would be pleased that I should marry a country girl with little or no money—an

Irish girl, above all. When they all went to Leamington she felt how countrified her manners were. But they were better already, didn't I think so, and a very short time in Liverpool——

I put my hand before her mouth; told her now she was raising nightmares that were horrible indeed; assured her that if I could imagine the manners of Liverpool would ever be hers, or that she would cease to have the ways and speech of Irish girls, the thought would make me miserable. As for money, I imparted to Alicia the conclusions my experience had led me to about that; namely, that it was wonderful everybody should be so eager to be rich; because rich people were either very discontented, or owed their cheerfulness to the practice of working hard. I told Alicia what a dreary place my home was, where money was plentiful enough; and all about my sister Clementina and her fine match which was such a wretched affair; and of her grand house in which everything was so stiff; and about her ceremoniousness and cheerless grandeur. And that it was because I was so miserable at home, though we knew none but rich people, that I constantly took refuge in Glencoonoge, where nearly every one was poor, and where I seemed to become infected with the prevailing cheerfulness; that even here tedium had at last overtaken me—me who had never known the want of money, me alone of all the people about—and had oppressed me almost beyond bearing until her coming. I said that on the whole I was satisfied that wealth was a curse and had been my bane. But for it I might have done some useful work in the world; and the best fortune which could happen to us would be that her father and my father should forbid our marriage and disinherit us both, and that we should marry and begin life with only a little. But of this I feared there was no chance, my father having long been anxious I should marry; and I knew he would only be too glad to hear what I was going to tell him. To this and more of a similar nature Alicia listened with great interest, and after a charming interval of reflection, pronounced the advantages of wealth to be much exaggerated; declared herself certain that my father was the dearest and best creature in the world, and that she liked him ever so much already; asked whether Clementina was much taller than herself, and very, very clever; whether she gave many parties—dances; because she (Alicia) was—oh! so fond of dancing. Of such thin substance were the fears which possessed each of us in turn, that the other had only to puff a little, and

away they floated brightly out of sight, like bubbles reflecting rainbow hues.

Not many days went by before I was able to show Alicia a letter from my father in answer to mine announcing the step I had taken, and the hopes Alicia bade me have of being favourably received by The O'Doherty.

"It is not an unqualified consent," said Alicia, thoughtfully.

"It comes to the same thing in the end," I answered, "if you are right about the likelihood of your father's agreeing. As for the other condition, there is no probability, I imagine, of either of us wishing to draw back; and now that it is necessary, in order to show that I am fit to undertake the responsibilities of married life, depend upon it, I shall not shrink from a course of steady work at home first. It's rather rough having to wait, because it would be so much easier to be industrious after marriage. But still things might be worse. My father might have refused outright—he has never seen you, you know. But it is clear from this, that he still has his heart set on my succeeding him in the business. I always hated the idea, but for your sake, Alicia, I'd do anything; and I'll work like a nigger when I go home, to make myself *au fait* in the shortest possible time."

"But you won't go yet?"

"I couldn't go away in a state of uncertainty."

"And will you go away directly when it is all settled?"

"Oh, no! not for a long time. I'll find out some excuse for staying."

"It is evidently your father's wish that you should not be in a hurry," said Alicia; "how can we be sure we are not making a mistake unless we see a great deal of each other?"

"Of course; to be sure," I answered. "That must be precisely what his warning means. I wonder I didn't see it before."

It was strange how well Alicia and I agreed upon everything. One reason was, that I always gave way; and another was, that I was careful to steer clear of topics which in any way annoyed her. That was why we spoke so seldom of her step-mother. I should not have thought Alicia capable of disliking any one so much as she disliked the new Madame O'Doherty; but that is the way with trusting people who have been, or think that they have been, deceived. The mere mention of Madame O'Doherty acted as an irritant and marred our harmony; so I



had to suppress the desire I felt to test, as fully as I should have liked, how far the Australian and I had been right in our surmises as to who the quondam Miss Tresillian really was. Sometimes Alicia herself trenched upon the dangerous ground, and on one of these occasions I asked whether Miss Tresillian had not been very poor.

"Quite penniless," answered Alicia with bitterness.

"But still," I argued, "she seems, according to what you tell me, to be a woman of parts and education, and her social standing may once have been better."

"Oh!" cries Alicia petulantly, "I have no patience with the story of reduced circumstances. She says so. That's what they all say. She never *would* talk of her relations or tell us anything about them. Who is to know they may not be very low people."

I learned further that the whilom governess, when talking at Paris about her bridal tour, had spoken of her intention to call on some friend of hers on her return through London. Alicia could not remember the name of this friend, but I had little difficulty in settling in my own mind that it was none other than Miss Walsingham. If so, the governess had already heard of her brother's return, and that episode would doubtless in a short time be brought to as happy a termination as was possible under the circumstances. A halo of romance would henceforth surround the mistress of Glencoonoge Castle in the eyes of all who should hear her story. Poor Alicia! I feared some humiliation and much self-reproach to be in store for her, when she should learn how harsh her judgments had been, when she should find that the holding back (the governess had refused The O'Doherty twice, Alicia told me, before she accepted him) was not artfulness, as Alicia imagined, but conduct to be expected from the high-souled girl who had written the noble letter her brother had shown me. But not for the world would I have opened Alicia's eyes, or run the risk of drawing on myself the anger which falls on those who tell unpleasant truths.

We were on more congenial ground when talking of Conn and the book-keeper, about whom Alicia was never tired of hearing. It was interesting to watch the expression of her face, her eyes, her mouth, as she listened with intense eagerness to the history of what had been going on at the inn during the winter; and I had to tell the story all over again to her sisters. Bell's opinion was that Miss Johnson had behaved badly to

Conn in keeping him waiting so long, and that if she had not refused to look at him until he got knocked about all for her, he would not have received that ugly mark of which he would never get rid. It became quite a common thing of mornings for the girls to call at the inn on pretence of seeing or asking after Mrs. Ennis, but in reality to have another look at the young couple of whom they were always talking. They knew Conn well enough, and were not a bit afraid of *him*. Of the book-keeper they had hitherto stood in some awe, so reticent and so unbending did she appear. But after having proved herself girl enough to be guilty of the frivolity of falling in love and getting married, it was not to be expected that she could hope successfully to maintain the character of a dragon any longer. The girls plied the book-keeper fearlessly with questions, the directness of which sometimes set her laughing. Hovering near was Conn, making no effort to conceal the pleasure with which he saw his wife made much of by the young ladies from the Castle.

"How changed Mrs. Ennis is!" said Alicia one day; "she has lost all her energy."

"She has not been well for some time back," I answered; "but it is only a heavy cold, the doctor says."

In truth so selfish were we, that the sickness or health, the loves or the woes of other people impressed us only slightly after all by the side of our own hopes, which were sometimes buoyant and sometimes drooping as the days went by, and we knew that one must be drawing near, on which Alicia's father would return, and we would learn our fate.

## Reviews.

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### I.—LES INDULGENCES.<sup>1</sup>

FOR many years the *Raccolta* of Indulgences has been in use among the faithful as giving them in the most authentic form those prayers and devotions that have been enriched with Indulgences by the Holy See. In characteristically happy phrase, Father Faber spoke of such prayers as having "a patent of nobility." Clearly it is wise for two reasons to prefer indulgenced devotions: first, because the favour of the Holy See is an indication of their merit, and secondly, because the Indulgence is of immense value in itself. Many English Catholics have used as a prayer-book the translation of the *Raccolta* published many years ago by the late Father Ambrose St. John of the Birmingham Oratory. Since the publication of that edition, a very large number of prayers have been indulgenced, and in addition, the decrees and rescripts of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences have been published by the authority of the Congregation. All these have been collected in a portable and useful form by Father Beringer, who is himself a Consultor of the Sacred Congregation, and his book has been issued in virtue of a special decree, with the permission and authority of the Congregation, which declares it authentic. The French translation made by Fathers Abt and Feyerstein appears with a similar decree in its favour, so that it may be regarded, not as giving its matter at second-hand, but as being also an authentic original. It is greatly to be wished that an English translation of this very important book might appear for the use of English-speaking countries, with the same august approbation and declaration of authenticity.

The foundation of the book before us is the well-known

<sup>1</sup> *Les Indulgences: leur nature et leur usage, d'après les dernières décisions de la S. Congrégation des Indulgences.* Par le R. P. F. Beringer, S.J., Consulteur de la même Congrégation. Traduction par les PP. E. Abt et A. Feyerstein, S.J. 2 vols. Paris: Lethielleux, 1890.

work on Indulgences of Father Maurel, which we here learn has reached twenty-three editions. Father Schneider did not content himself with simply translating it into German, but he largely increased and enriched it. To the regret of all Father Schneider died in 1884, and his work has been continued by Father Beringer, and published as we now see it.

The first part of the book is a treatise on the doctrine and practice of Indulgences, with an interesting and valuable account of the Sacred Congregation that has been charged by the Holy See with the care of this portion of the Church's discipline. Under this heading we find much instruction on the subject of false Indulgences, and it is curious to see that some of those that have been condemned as fictitious, pretend even to be concessions of the late Pope Pius the Ninth. A useful chapter in this part of the book explains the terms technically employed in the grants of Indulgences.

With this excellent instruction for a Preface, the body of the book has numerous subdivisions. In the first section we have ejaculations, the Indulgence of which can be gained as often as the prayer is said; then ejaculations whose Indulgences are limited as to the number of times they can be gained. These are followed by longer prayers, which are set out under twelve headings, arranged according to the character of the devotion. The next section contains the Indulgences granted to those who perform certain pious exercises, as well as works of zeal and charity. Amongst these the Way of the Cross is treated with admirable completeness, the questions connected with it occupying more than twenty pages. The third section gives objects of piety, places and times to which Indulgences are attached, and here some fifteen pages are devoted to scapulars in general, each kind of scapular besides being treated separately, and nearly forty pages are given to privileged altars. Jubilees, and the Plenary Indulgence for the article of death are handled with equal care and fulness. The fourth and last section of this part embraces confraternities, first in general—a treatise of eighty-eight pages, interesting to all confraternities—and then in detail, no less than sixty-nine confraternities, a collection of the most useful kind, and under this important heading the French edition give twenty-five confraternities more than are in the German. The last part of all consists of forms: first, forms of many benedictions, then forms of the manner of reception into confraternities, thirdly, forms for the Papal Blessing by

Prelates and by Regularibus, as well as of the Last Blessing, and last of all, various forms for petitions of all kinds connected with Indulgences.

The book simply could not be more complete than it is. It contains all that is in the most recent edition of the *Raccolta*, and as any one who is familiar with the *Raccolta* will see from what we have said, a great deal more than the *Raccolta* ever proposed to itself to give. All that can practically be wanted on the subject of Indulgences is to be found here, with every guarantee for exactness and authenticity. We trust the book may soon find a capable translator, but he must not forget that the permission of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences will be required before a new translation can be published in any language.

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2.—THE EPISCOPAL REGISTERS OF EXETER.<sup>1</sup>

Amongst the sources of our English history which as yet are accessible only with the greatest difficulty are the various episcopal registers scattered through England. To have recourse to them involves a visit to the various cities that have the honour of that title through their having been episcopal sees. That these registers should be in print and on our shelves is one of the strongest desires entertained by students of history. Many, no doubt, would willingly have been our benefactors by editing them, but they have been deterred by the bulk of the manuscripts, and by the labour of annotating them. Neither obstacle has discouraged the Rev. F. C. Hingeston-Randolph, and he deserves our heartiest thanks for the two volumes of Exeter Registers before us, and for the promise of more.

The first to appear, as the dates of publication show, was the Register of Edmund Stafford, who was Bishop of Exeter from 1395 to 1419. Mr. Hingeston-Randolph calls his work "an Index and Abstract of its Contents." By confining his labours within these limits, he has been able to print volumes

<sup>1</sup> *The Registers of Walter Brouncombe and Peter Quivil, Bishops of Exeter, with some records of the Episcopate of Bishop Thomas de Bytton: also the Taxation of Pope Nicholas the Fourth.* By the Rev. F. C. Hingeston-Randolph, M.A., Rector of Ringmore, Prebendary of Exeter and Dean Rural. London: George Bell and Sons, 1889.

*The Register of Edmund Stafford, an Index and Abstract of its Contents.* By the Rev. F. C. Hingeston-Randolph, M.A. London, 1886.

of a manageable size, yet containing all that the ordinary student could need, and facilitating in a wonderful way reference to the original register in any extraordinary case. But this reduction of bulk is the fruit of enormous labour. Every one has heard of the postscript of a long letter, that asked pardon for its length on the ground that the writer had not had time to write a shorter one. Conciseness can only be attained at the cost of time and work, and Mr. Hingeston-Randolph has not spared pains to attain conciseness. The sight of his volumes makes one sigh for a few more such editors up and down the kingdom.

Practically these books are in two parts, mingled alphabetically together: the Index, which is a list of names with references to the register, and the Abstract, which enables us to know the contents of the register without referring to it. The first looks more tantalizing than it really is, for the Abstract evidently contains all that is of interest. For instance, looking through Stafford's volume, the eye caught the name of "Bajazet, Emperor of the Turks," so that one was led to wonder what would be found about him at the folio referred to. It was curious after turning over almost the whole of Mr. Randolph's volume to come across the abstract of the passage, and to see that it meant no more than that Henry the Fourth, in a letter to the Bishop about the contributions of the faithful for the Crusade, had referred to the danger of Constantinople being taken by Bajazet. The Abstract in the volume of earlier date has this advantage over its predecessor in order of publication, that the entries are to a much larger extent in the original words. A very careful examination of these two volumes has led to a conviction of the thorough completeness and marvellous care with which Mr. Hingeston-Randolph has done his work, and we propose to ourselves before long to put before our readers in an article some of the details which help so much to give us an insight into the times that are past. We must now content ourselves with expressing in the warmest terms our appreciation of the value of these two volumes, and our hope for the speedy appearance of a third.



3.—AUGUST COMTE.<sup>1</sup>

It is a great loss to the Catholic Church outside of Germany that the language of that country is as yet so unfamiliar to the large majority of even well-educated men. French is a practically universal attainment, but the number of non-Germans who can read with tolerable facility the language of that country is very limited. We say this is a serious loss to Catholicism, because of the valuable work that is being done at the present time by German Catholic writers in History, Philosophy, Theology, and, in fact, in all branches of knowledge bearing on Religion. Solidity is pre-eminently the national characteristic; and, whatever be the subject treated, we may feel pretty confident that the work will not at all events be superficial. The style may indeed be obscure, and the method of exposition may lack the transparent clearness of French writers, but we shall rarely have to conclude that our author is shallow.

The monograph before us, however, combines both species of excellence in an unusual degree. Father Gruber here presents in one hundred and forty pages of close print an interesting sketch of Comte's life, an epitome of his chief works, and an admirable criticism of his teaching as a whole. The style is easy and clear throughout, and the method of arrangement excellent.

Comte, the father of Positivism, is a writer well worthy of the attention of the Catholic philosopher, on account of the incalculable harm which his teaching is effecting at the present day. Agnosticism, we may take it, is the special heresy of the nineteenth century, and Agnosticism is only another name for the philosophical creed of Positivism. Accordingly, a work done in such an able manner as the present is a most useful addition to Catholic philosophical literature. We cannot imagine any better way of serving the interests of true Philosophy than by a series of monographs like this before us, on, say, Descartes, Spinoza, Hume, Kant, Hegel, Mill, and Spencer. We trust that the success of this volume may cause it to be but the introduction to such a series.

The work begins by an account of Comte's somewhat eventful youth. He had lost his faith at an early age, and,

<sup>1</sup> *August Comte, der Begründer des Positivismus.* Sein Leben und seine Lehre, von Hermann Gruber, S.J. Freiburg: Herder.

whilst still but a boy, exhibited premonitory symptoms of both the intellectual and moral qualities which were destined to characterize so markedly his future life. Some interesting pages on St. Simon and Comte's relation with that distinguished socialist, then follow. Comte's civil marriage with Caroline Massin introduces us to the second period of his life. After an illicit connexion of over a year with this woman—the illegitimate daughter of an actress, and herself a person of bad character—he went through the formality of a civil marriage before the Registrar. The result was, as might have been anticipated, a wretched life of frequent quarrels and recriminations for twenty years, and then, when Comte became acquainted with Madame de Vaux, final separation. In 1826, Comte commenced, at the age of twenty-eight, the delivery of his philosophical mission before a small but very distinguished audience, including Alexander von Humboldt, the biologist De Blainville, the mathematician Poincot, the economist Dunoyer, the socialist Fourier, the physician Broussais, and several other celebrities. Even De Lammenais was amongst the admirers of his genius. However, before half a dozen lectures were completed, the course was interrupted by an attack of insanity, probably brought on by an excessive mental activity. But in 1829 he was sufficiently restored to resume his literary labours.

Space does not permit us to enter into an account of Comte's teaching. The essence of his philosophy lies in the denial of the possibility of any philosophy. *Positivism*, the doctrine which he advocates with such vigour, maintains that the origin and last end of things are alike *unknowable* to us. We can neither deny nor affirm the existence of God; we can know nothing about Him; the atheist and the theist are alike irrational. We are simply to ignore God altogether, to give up speculation about Him, and to trouble ourselves as little concerning His existence as we do, for instance, regarding that of the sea-serpent. The answer is, of course, obvious. It is the positivist or agnostic who is in the really indefensible position. Whether the theist or atheist be right in his conclusion, at least he is right in this: that the issue is of the most vital importance to mankind. God's existence is a question which transcends in interest all other questions in an infinite degree, and the man who is utterly irrational is he who bids us ignore this subject.

Again and again, with somewhat wearisome monotony, Comte reiterates his precept that we are to abandon all futile speculations in the fields of Theology or Metaphysics, and to confine ourselves to the study of the laws of phenomena. He felt, however, as he advanced in years, that the heart of man could never be satisfied with such a theory of life, and hence the last part of his philosophical system is devoted to that grotesque religion—the Worship of Humanity. It is difficult to conceive how an intellectual Frenchman could have been so lost to all sense of the ludicrous as Comte appears in this part of his works. Yet most completely serious he undoubtedly was. The *cultus* of *le grand-être*—collective mankind—is worked out into an elaborate system, comprising prayer, contemplation, religious festivals, temples, a complicated ritual, an ecclesiastical hierarchy, &c., all devoted to the worship of an abstraction. The months of the year are called after Moses, Homer, Cæsar, Dante, Shakespeare, &c.; the Sundays after lesser heroes, Aquinas, Calderon, Molière; the week-days after still smaller great men, Hobbes, Ramus, &c. Comte himself is to occupy the position of Pope; and the statue of Madame de Vaux, as typifying the ideal of womankind, is to be the central idol. Such is the fetich, such is the superstition that the most celebrated opponent of theism in this century has to substitute for the religion of Christ. We must refer the reader for an admirable treatment of the whole of Comte's system to Father Gruber's excellent work.

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#### 4.—FATHER PESCH'S LOGIC.<sup>1</sup>

The book before us is the concluding volume of the *Institutiones Logicales* of Father Pesch. The title *Logica realis*, by which the chief part of it is headed, denotes the subject which in other Latin books on philosophy is treated under the heading of *Metaphysica generalis* or *Ontologia*. Which title is preferable, we do not pretend to decide; reasons may be given for either, as the matter of the treatise lies on the boundaries of logic and special metaphysics.

<sup>1</sup> *Institutiones Logicales secundum principia S. Thomæ Aquinatis ad usum scholasticum*. Accommodavit Tilmannus Pesch, S.J. Pars II. Logica Major. Volumen 2, continens Logicam Realem et Conclusionem Polemicam. Friburgi Brisgovie: Sumptibus Herder, 1890. xvi. et 555 pp. 8vo.

General metaphysics make upon most students of philosophy the impression of being rather difficult of digestion. Indeed to treat of them clearly and solidly is impossible without a great facility of plain and copious diction. Moreover, to disperse the clouds by which at the end of the nineteenth century many minds are prevented from grasping the full meaning which right reason attaches to the terms "being," "substance," "relation," "causality," and kindred generalities of human language, an author must be thoroughly acquainted with the labyrinthic windings of all sorts of false speculations, ancient and modern. That the writer of the volume before us lacks none of these qualifications, he has amply shown by his previous treatises on philosophy. In our opinion the *Logica realis* is worthy of its predecessors, and will prove a very reliable guide, both to teachers and students, along the steep paths of metaphysical thought.

It is divided into three parts: antepredicamental or transcendental logic, predicamental logic, and postpredicamental logic. In the first part (pp. 2—224) the discussion centres around the notion of Being. After an exposition of the unity of the objective concept of Being and a very careful and solid explanation of its Analogy, the principles of our knowledge of being, and the principles of its existence in real things are successively expounded.

We call special attention to the important distinction of the different meanings attached to the term *esse* by St. Thomas. (Cf. pp. 4, seq.) An accurate study of these furnishes the student with a key to understand the import of those sayings of St. Thomas which bear on the relation of matter to form, of nature to personality, and of essence to existence.

As regards the principles of our knowledge of Being, Father Pesch upholds against Locke, Herbart, and others the view that the principle of contradiction is the first, inasmuch as it furnishes us with a sort of general formula of the objective necessity or certainty, which characterizes the rest of the principles of human cognition. (pp. 61, seq.) In the treatise on the principles of *Being considered as existing*, the notions of essence and existence and their mutual relations are discussed in a very satisfactory way. (Cf. pp. 73, seq.) As to the controverted question, whether in an existing creature there be a real distinction between its *created* essence in virtue of which it is a real and not only a purely possible member of a natural genus and species, and the

existence which we conceive as the actuality of that essence; our author, without deciding anything explicitly, gives us a short and good account of the arguments on both sides. To each argument a hint suggesting its solution is added (Cf. pp. 80—83); only the last argument insisted upon by those who deny a real distinction is passed by without an attempt to weaken it. (Cf. pp. 81, *Ratio sexta*.) We should like to see it clearly answered by those who affirm a real distinction. Perhaps they would appeal to the passages of St. Thomas quoted by Father Pesch in the second footnote on p. 80. There are certainly no other passages in the works of the Saint which would favour their view more strongly, leaving out of the question the fact that the *Summa totius Logicae Aristotelis* in which the third passage occurs, is according to the opinion of competent critics very probably spurious.<sup>1</sup> Yet let us suppose that all three of them have been written by St. Thomas. After having studied the context and called to mind what meaning according to his own declarations in other passages St. Thomas attaches to *essentia* or *quod est*, and to *esse* taken in the strictest sense; we find nothing in the passages quoted by our author but the common doctrine of all reasonable metaphysicians, that there is a real distinction between the objective concept of a particular created essence *considered under a generic or specific aspect* and the objective concept of the *existence* of that essence. To say thus much means the same as to say that there is a *distinctio rationis cum fundamento in re* between an individual *created* essence and its actuality or existence. Of course if you consider a finite individual essence not as existing, but in a state of pure possibility, you are right in saying that its realization is something really different from its merely being possible. But this again is granted by all who deny that there is a real distinction between the essence *as created* and the actual existence of it. Far more important, however, than the solution of this problem is a solid answer to those questions, without the solution of which neither the possibility of things nor their actual origin can be properly understood. We are, therefore, grateful to our author for the admirable care and skill he has bestowed upon them.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. *Sancti Thomae Aquinatis Opuscula*. Editio recognita a Michaele Maria, S.J., vol. i. p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. *De existentia et possibilitate*, pp. 103—121; *De conceptu Fieri*, pp. 121—132.

Of many pleasing features in the section on the properties of being (unity, truth, goodness, beauty; self-existent and contingent, infinite and finite, absolute and relative being), we single out as deserving special attention: the thoroughly good exposition of the difficult subject, *Distinctio* (pp. 156—168), the solid answer to the question about determinate truth in propositions by which future contingent events are enunciated (pp. 179—185), and the deep ideas developed in the explanation of the notion of *beauty*. (pp. 213—216.)

Space does not permit us to dwell longer on the second and third parts of the volume. In the former we have found the chapters on substance and accident (pp. 246—291) and on relation (pp. 324—344) exceedingly well done. On *actio* something more would have been useful. In the third part readers will profit most by making a deep study of the treatise, *De conceptibus ad nexum causalem spectantibus*. (pp. 364—396.)

The *Conclusio Polemica* appended to this volume contains reviews and criticisms of one-and-twenty methods of modern philosophical thought, beginning with that which was followed by Bacon and going down to those of Comte, Trendelenburg, and John Stuart Mill. The authors criticized are grouped together according to the ideological affinity of their systems. We have been impressed favourably by the reading of our author's thoughtful and careful comments on these modern philosophers.

##### 5.—THE LITURGICAL YEAR.<sup>1</sup>

*The Liturgical Year* of Dom Guéranger, the object of which is to enable the Catholic to enter as fully as possible into the spirit of the Church of which he is a member, is too well-known to need any words of introduction or description. The original French has been for many years before the public, and we rejoice to see that the English edition, translated by a member of the same learned Order to which the author belonged, is now entirely finished. The volume for the Time after Pentecost, the twelfth, and the last one wanted to complete the series, has just been published. The revered name of Father Laurence Shepherd, which we are accustomed to see upon the title-page, is indeed

<sup>1</sup> *The Liturgical Year*. By the Very Rev. Dom Prosper Guéranger, Abbot of Solesmes. Translated from the French. Vol. XII. Time after Pentecost. Dublin: James Duffy, 15, Wellington Quay; London: 22, Paternoster Row, 1890.



missing in this volume, for he was called away to his eternal reward before the work he had undertaken was concluded ; but the pen which he laid down when summoned to join the company of the saints in Heaven, has been taken up by one well worthy to handle it. The member of the community to whom was entrusted the task of carrying on and completing the unfinished work, has acquitted herself of it with ability and vigour ; the end is scarcely, if at all, inferior to the beginning.

We know of no book better adapted for general use amongst those who desire to become more closely acquainted with and more truly to appreciate the Offices of the Church, as she sets before us successively the different mysteries of the faith in the course of the ecclesiastical year, than the work of Dom Guéranger. "In the good old days of yore," as he tells us, "those grand ages wherein popular piety followed with docile step the inspiration of the one Mother Church, the recurrence of each loved anniversary kept alive in every breast the understanding of the Divine Word and its mystic harmonies, thus gorgeously displayed on the cycle. Now-a-days, when the liturgical spirit has fallen to a lower standard in the minds of the multitude, the Catholic verve is no longer felt in the same marked way." Even among the educated laity of the present day, familiar from their infancy with the Catholic rites and ceremonies, little interest is felt for liturgical studies ; and a large proportion of the converts, who have of recent years by God's mercy been brought into the Church, are strangely ignorant or forgetful of the fact that vast treasures of wisdom and knowledge, wherewith they would do well to make themselves acquainted, lie hid in the bosom of the mighty Mother who has opened her arms to receive them ; that profound truths are contained within the solemnities and devotions that attract and delight them. Some persons, indeed, who have the opportunity of assisting daily at Holy Mass, read in the Missal the Collect and Gospel for each day ; a few, moreover, make use of the Breviary, wherein the Church gives day by day a short account of the life and work of the saint or martyr commemorated in the calendar, and intended to serve as an example, an encouragement, a guide to the Christian's daily life. To such pious persons *The Liturgical Year* of Dom Guéranger is an inestimable boon. To the consideration of every subject he brings immense learning, wide research, profound piety ; he knows how to awaken in his reader the true

Catholic instinct, the power of appreciating spiritual truths, to interest him in the symbolism of religion, the types and mystical allusions of Holy Scripture, and while proclaiming the doctrines of the Faith, to point out how they had been carried into practice to all perfection in the lives of the saints, which he gives both in his own eloquent words, and as related in the Breviary. Let us listen while he explains the connection between the teaching of Pentecost and the career of the saints who at that season rise like stars upon the celestial firmament.

At this season, in which the Office of the time is leading us to consider the early developments of Holy Church, Eternal Wisdom so arranges, now as ever, that the feasts of the Saints should complete the teachings of the moveable cycle. The Paraclete, who has but just come down upon us, is to *fill the whole earth*; the Man-God has sent Him expressly to win over the whole earth, and to secure all time unto His Church. Now it is by subjecting kingdoms to the faith that He is to form Christ's empire; it is by working so that the Church may assimilate all things unto herself that He gives growth and continuance to the Bride. See, therefore, how at this season, wherein He has just taken possession of the world anew, His co-operators in this His work of conquest shine out on every side, in the heavens of the holy liturgy. But the *West*, more than all the rest, concurs in forming the magnificent constellation that is mingling its radiant splendour with the Pentecostal fires. . . . Let us fix our delighted gaze on those two incomparable luminaries, the Princes of the Apostles, directing their rapid course from the East, speeding on our horizon up to the glorious zenith which in a month's time they will attain; yesterday, John the Beloved Disciple shed upon Gaul his last and long-enduring rays; some few days previously, it was a Pope Eleutherius or a monk Augustine who with joint action, though parted by centuries, bore the light of salvation to the far West, to the home of the Britons and the Anglo-Saxons; the day after to-morrow, Boniface will shed his luminous beams on Germany. (p. 82.)

Let us conclude this notice of the last volume of the excellent English version of *The Liturgical Year*, by expressing the hope that the desire of the pious translators may be fully accomplished, and their labours amply rewarded by the wide diffusion of the book; that by its means in many souls may be enkindled a deeper, more reverent love of Holy Church, a better understanding of the sublime mysteries she places before us; and that her daily teaching, thus brought within their easy grasp, may be influential in elevating the hearts and moulding the lives of her faithful children.

6.—CARMEL IN AMERICA.<sup>1</sup>

One can hardly realize the fact that contemplative communities exist in America, the home pre-eminently of busy activity and stirring enterprise. Yet so it is; for the last hundred years the Carmelites have been established in the United States, and doubtless the rapid growth of Catholicism in America during that period, is owing to the apostolate of prayer carried on by these silent inhabitants of the cloister. An account of the introduction of the Order into the New World, with a history of the parent house and the communities which were offshoots from it, as well as brief notices of the various religious who lived and died in them, is given in the volume before us, the work of a Redemptorist Father. The narrative is of great interest, and the book will be read with delight from cover to cover by all who revere the heroic daughters of St. Teresa, who recognize the value of prayer and the power of vicarious suffering.

In France and Belgium the Discalced Carmelite Friars were preceded by their Sisters in Religion. In the New World it was not so; the Fathers had been there in 1601, and it was a Carmelite monk who celebrated the first Mass said in California. In 1720, also, the attempt was made to found a house in Louisiana, but the non-fulfilment of the agreement made with the India Company compelled the speedy abandonment of the mission. It was in 1790 that the first Carmelite nuns landed in Maryland. Before giving an account of their protracted and perilous voyage across the Atlantic, the author goes back to the cradle of the Order, briefly following its history from its foundation by St. Elias to its reformation by St. Teresa. Then, after accompanying the first associates of St. Teresa over the Pyrenees, he speaks of the English foundations in Belgium, making us acquainted with some of the nuns who sanctified by the holiness of their lives the convents whence the Baltimore community derived its origin. Among the inmates of these Belgian convents there were a good number of American ladies, for owing to the intolerance of the Protestant Government in Maryland, wealthy Catholics used to send their sons and daughters to Europe to be educated, and of these many

<sup>1</sup> *Carmel in America.* A Centennial History of the Discalced Carmelites in the United States. By Charles Warren Currier, C.S.S.R. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co., 1890.

embraced the sacerdotal state, or chose the conventual life. After the revolutionary war, religious liberty prevailed in Maryland, and the inhabitants sent a petition to Belgium to have a branch of the Carmelite Order established among them. With the assistance of a pious gentleman of Antwerp, a great benefactor to Carmel in both the Old and New World, four nuns, who were very good religious, and had influential friends in Maryland, were accordingly sent out to found a house at Port Tobacco, Charles County. They were accompanied by Father Charles Neale, a warm admirer and true friend of the Order of St. Teresa, who had been chaplain during ten years to the community at Antwerp. His family owned a plantation in the vicinity of Port Tobacco, and there the nuns remained from the time they landed on the shores of America, July 2, 1790, until on the feast of St. Teresa in the same year, when they took possession of their new abode.

The house was small and unfinished, and the community experienced great difficulties and hardships. The cells were so open to the weather that the nuns during winter were often obliged to shake the snow off their beds before rising. All the rooms were unplastered; no fire was kept, except in the kitchen. Funds were sent over from Europe for their assistance, and Bishop Carroll, the first Bishop of Baltimore, took special interest in the welfare of the monastery, which had not been long founded before several young ladies applied for admission.

During the sojourn of the Carmelites in Charles Co. they edified all by their great poverty and love of labour. Although they had been brought up most delicately, many of them having been reared in affluence, with numbers of slaves at their command, they cheerfully embraced the most laborious occupations. Father Charles Neale attended to the management of the farm of about eight hundred and eighty-six acres, and regulated their temporal affairs, though at the cost of much labour. . . . Under his wise and prudent direction the Sisters were noted for their love of poverty, their childlike obedience, spirit of prayer and recollection, their penance and zeal for souls. The object of their foundation had been to aid the American missions by their prayers; hence they took the deepest interest in the spread of religion in this country. . . .

A portion of the property of the nuns, while they were at Mount Carmel, consisted of slaves. Many of the novices on entering the community, brought their slaves with them. They were comfortably lodged in quarters outside the enclosure, and did the work of the farm. They were treated with great love and charity by the Sisters, and were

considered as children of the family. Their souls being regarded as a precious charge, for which the community was responsible to God, they were carefully instructed in their religious duties, and all their wants, both spiritual and temporal, faithfully attended to. On their part these poor creatures were devotedly attached to the community. Their number was about thirty, and twice a year the Sisters would spin, weave, and make up suits of clothing for them, besides spinning and weaving their own clothing. (pp. 81—83.)

It is impossible in this notice to follow the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, of rest and conflict which form the life of communities as well as of individuals in this world, and from which those peaceful dwellings where happiness is found as perfect as can exist on earth, are not exempt. Death carried off several of the most valued members of the community of Maryland, and their beloved Father was taken from them. They met with severe temporal reverses, and were implicated in more than one troublesome and costly lawsuit; their house was falling to pieces over their heads, and their means of support were so curtailed, that the Sisters were forced to live even a more rigid life than their Rule prescribes. Under these circumstances Archbishop Whitfield advised that the community should remove to Baltimore, where they could obtain support by the instruction of children; permission from Rome to this effect having been obtained long before by Bishop Carroll, who greatly wished that their Constitutions had permitted them to engage in education. They accordingly removed to the city and opened a school.

Our Lord seemed to bless the spirit of self-sacrifice which animated the Sisters. It was a great trial to them, after having lived so long within the solitude of their cloister, to have to mingle again with the world, and to engage in a work so foreign to the spirit of their vocation. But as it was the will of their Superior, they knew it to be the will of God, and cheerfully undertook the task before them. The children became devotedly attached to their teachers.

The school-rooms were outside of the enclosure, and only those Sisters appointed to be teachers were allowed to enter them. Within the convent all went on as usual; the Rule was observed with the same exactitude, and even at recreation the school and everything connected with it was a forbidden topic, every precaution being thus taken to prevent it becoming a source of distraction to the community. (p. 197.)

The school was kept on for twenty years; it was then closed by desire of the Archbishop, to the joy of the nuns, but to the great regret of the public.

In 1863 a new foundation was made in St. Louis. Here as elsewhere, the daughters of St. Teresa had to experience that Carmel is founded on privations and sufferings. They succeeded badly in the management of their farm, being dependent on the men hired to do the work. People considered them as useless, on account of their not being engaged in any active pursuit. After a period of struggle and discouragement, they removed to the city, where friends had been raised up for their help. The third Carmelite Convent in the United States was founded in 1877, in New Orleans, likewise in the midst of the most dire poverty.

Although in the beginning the Carmelite communities generally had to struggle with poverty and difficulties, our Divine Lord never permitted them to be in absolute want. He oftentimes vouchsafed to manifest His tender care of His servants by sending them assistance in a wonderful manner. It frequently happened at Antwerp that pieces of gold were found in the turn without any one ever knowing whence they came. Once, when wanting bread for dinner, the nuns found in the turn as much as was necessary, without ever discovering who had put it there. And when another community were the guests of their English Sisters for several months, though they were twelve in number, the increase of persons made no difference in the quantity of food consumed. On one occasion a fire which had broken out in one of the rooms was extinguished without human agency. The biographical notices given us in this volume of the different religious add greatly to its interest, and are edifying in the extreme. It is a consolation, as Father Currier remarks, to think that in the midst of the many weeds that desolate the garden of God's Church, there are still such beautiful flowers who, by the fragrance of their virtues, rejoice the heart of their Heavenly Father. Their virtues were in many cases rewarded by high supernatural favours; only a few of these have come to our knowledge, for humility prompted their concealment. Some of the nuns possessed the gift of foreknowledge of future events. Of one it is recorded that her perfect obedience bore fruit in miracles.

Her Superior told her once to put her hand in the fire; she did so, and was not in the least burnt. Another time she told her to plant the broken stalk of a lily and water it every day; she did so, and though naturally the stalk would have withered immediately, it took root and became a beautiful lily. She did not know French; one day her



Superior gave her a particular and difficult letter in French, telling her to answer it; she took it, without saying she did not know a word, and wrote a most beautiful answer, not only without a mistake in grammar or orthography, but in a perfect finished style: from that day she understood and spoke French as well as a native. (p. 412.)

Of one religious it is recorded that extraordinary signs preceded her death; a full choir of voices from invisible beings was heard chanting the words: *Vidi turbam magnam*, &c., and when the burial-place of the nuns was enlarged, some coffins, which it was necessary to remove, being opened, the bodies they contained were found in a state of perfect preservation after some thirty or forty years of interment. This occurred in no less than three different places in the course of a century. Physical hardships and sufferings were invariably borne with a brave and generous spirit by these high-born ladies, who in the flower of their youth renounced ease and wealth to climb the steep ascent of Carmel. "It is sweet to suffer," said one, "but it requires courage." Another, a frail and delicate girl, brought up in the lap of luxury, was overheard to say, when breaking the ice in the wash-room one morning: "O my God, you know that only for you would I endure this." And yet all these mortifications and austerities, often added to bodily sickness, could not deprive the Sisters of the cheerfulness, nay, the almost light-hearted joy that animated them. One venerable religious, who spent sixty-one years in the Carmel of America, was noted for her joyous spirit, and even when she was confined to the infirmary, her vivacious conversation rendered her the life of the house.

Her ready wit [we read] was proverbial and always most agreeable. One day a gentleman, a friend of the community, having called, Mother Teresa asked him, when taking leave, to pray for her, adding that she always preferred gentlemen's prayers. He, expecting a compliment, inquired the reason, when she laughingly replied: "Because they are so scarce." (p. 303.)

We conclude with the words wherewith the Archbishop of Baltimore closes his Preface to this book. "Surely those who doubt the usefulness of the contemplative life must doubt the efficacy of prayer. . . . If there is a country where it is needed, it is surely our young and active republic, where the spirit of action pervades all classes. We echo the words of Holy Church when we exclaim: *Vivat, crescat, floreat vita contemplativa!*"

7.—WHEN WE WERE BOYS.<sup>1</sup>

The versatile editor of *United Ireland* has at length written a novel, seemingly to while away the tedium of his periodically enforced absences from the editorial *sanctum*, but also with a more far-reaching purpose. He is to be congratulated on having chosen for the scene of his plot the loveliest of the many beauteous spots on the Irish coast-line, as it affords him frequent opportunities for descriptive passages of no common brilliancy. Not that he tarries on the heather of Glengariff, for with the omniscience and ubiquity of a novelist, he introduces us to the gilded *salons* and ball-rooms of Mayfair; with him are we privileged to penetrate into the smoking-room of the "Chrysanthemum Club" and to overhear the prattle of the aristocratic *jeunesse dorée*; we accompany him even to the inner cabinet of a Secretary of State. His *dramatis personæ*, numerous enough to furnish forth at least half a dozen tales, are somewhat showy and at times rather prolix in the dialogue, which for all that gives token of no mean rhetorical ability. On Mabel Westropp, the heroine of the plot, the daughter of a gouty, impecunious absentee landlord, the gifted author lavishes all the wealth of his genius. In a noble spirit of devotedness, she sacrifices her matrimonial prospects, the pomps and delights of the London season, betakes herself to the remote wilds of Beara for the sake of a discarded and all but disowned brother, whom she would reclaim and fit for his social position. His shadow and trusty follower, Quish, the bailiff, a Quasimodo, *minus* the deafness, is drawn with great truth to nature. The heroine's voluntary exile brings her into frequent and familiar contact with her father's tenantry, who are being victimized by the agent, Hans Harman. She soon learns, as, thank God, others have learned, to sympathize with their hardships, to make allowance for their shortcomings, and to admire their sterling qualities, the unaffected piety, the unsullied purity of Irish homes. As might be expected, the prejudices of sect and caste soon give way to a strong patriotism, which, so to speak, is impersonated in Ken Rohan, the hero of the tale, who unwittingly wins her affection, and, but for a sentence of penal servitude for life, would have married her. For "when we were boys," the Fenian, or Irish

<sup>1</sup> *When we were Boys.* A Novel. By William O'Brien, M.P. London: Longmans, Green, and Co., 1890.

Republican Brotherhood, was leavening the popular mind of the sister-country with American democratic ideas. The Federal Union of the great Transatlantic Republic had then but recently been restored by the valour of its soldier-citizens of Irish birth or descent. Ere they laid down their arms, they looked across the ocean to the dear land whence many a one of them had been driven. The phalanx of Parliamentary representatives, whom the then attenuated Irish electorate had sent to plead for some meagre instalments of remedial legislation, had lately been disbanded by the self-seeking treachery of several of its members; of its leading spirits one had gone into voluntary exile in despair of his country, another had died of a broken heart. To all seeming there was naught for it but to stand by while the country sank into a condition of unresisting subservience, or to appeal to the arbitrament of the sword. The leaders of the so-called Fenian movement prepared for this latter alternative. An active propaganda was carried on, both in Ireland and among the Irish colonies settled in the several industrial centres of the neighbouring country, nor may we wonder that the uncalculating patriotism of youths gifted like the hero of our tale rallied to their standard. Among their recruits, however, were others of a far different stamp. From its outset, the organization was honeycombed with traitors, *agents provocateurs*, informers, a formidable array of Government spies, who acquitted themselves so thoroughly of the task assigned to them, that the authorities were in the secret of every step taken or contemplated by the insurrectionary confederacy, and could afford to bide their time for stamping it out.

But what more than aught else doomed the movement to a failure it needed neither prophet nor son of a prophet to forecast, was the lack of any serious intention on the part of the masses to measure their strength with that of the Power which held their country in its grasp. The memories of '98 and of its atrocities, which had not yet died out, served to deter the great body of the people from rushing into armed conflict with a Government so strongly garrisoned in their very midst, at a time when, at peace with its neighbours, its whole force was available, and, owing to modern improvements of the means of communication, could be so rapidly concentrated at every threatened point. The then recent outcome of the Titanic conflict of the Slave-holding with the Northern States of the Union should have convinced the meanest intelligence that,

under the modern conditions of warfare, an organized Government will sooner or later get the better of any insurrection that is not backed by aid from abroad. In saying this much, we are in substantial agreement with Mr. O'Brien, as will be seen by referring to his own frequent comments on the events of that time, and to the utterances of his several characters. No wonder then that the chief pastors and hitherto trusted guides of the people set their faces against a movement, which, in its ulterior stages, could have issued but in a *jacquerie*; that in fulfilment of a sacred obligation they appealed to the Catholic instincts of those committed to their charge, reminding them that all secret confederacies are banned by the laws, not of this or of that local or national Church, but of the Church Universal. If *Haud tali auxilio*, &c., was their reply to the seductive promises of the I.R.B. it in nowise implied their approval of the principles on which their country was governed, nor their gratitude for a religious freedom due under God to the divisions in the hostile camp, and to the manly self-assertion of the Catholic masses. It was not that they condoned the wrongs of their poorer fellow-countrymen, or forgot their sufferings in the day-dreams of a selfish optimism. For these reasons we regret Mr. O'Brien's selection of a clerical drill-sergeant like Mgr. McGrudder as the impersonation of the ecclesiastical opposition to the national aspirations, an opposition for which his pages supply such ample justification. The powerfully limned portrait of the obnoxious prelate, by its nicely balanced antitheses, proves the anxiety of the writer to guard against the exaggeration almost necessarily incidental to the concrete presentment of a type. Yet it seems to us that he has failed where it is given but to few to succeed, and that his Mgr. McGrudder is somewhat of a caricature. In no carping spirit we further observe that to speak of Irish dignitaries as "Italian monks," grates upon our ears. Mr. O'Brien would scout the notion that an Irish clergyman forfeits his nationality by receiving his professional training or by the tenure of a chair in the Irish College at Rome or Paris; nor does he need to be reminded that as a visible society ruled and administered by a divinely commissioned and guided, yet human agency, the Church is conditioned by space, so that even as of old "Out of Sion came forth the Law, and the word of Jehovah from Jerusalem," the central Chair of Doctrine is now providentially fixed in the Italian city of Rome.

The not unfrequent clerical errors are sufficiently accounted for by the untoward occurrences which prevented the author from revising the proof-sheets. The contested election scene in the Cork court-house is drawn with a firm and sure hand. But while confessing that the severe heckling administered to Mgr. McGrudder by the sooty Thersites was fully deserved, we take exception to the maxim, "No priest in politics," and to its recent and more definite expansion into the formula, "We won't take our politics from Rome." The dogmatic Bull, *Unam Sanctam*, formally asserts the competency of the Church whenever there is question of sin, and to restrict that competency to individual or private relations is to claim for political action independence of the moral law. But if so, right and wrong, justice and its opposite, are as meaningless in politics as in chemistry or mechanics, unless we take might and right to be convertible terms, which, by the way, is the fullest justification of a Cromwellian Government of Ireland that it is possible to frame. *Væ victis*, "the survival of the fittest," would be in this case as applicable to political as to organic developments, and there would be nothing for it but to endorse the blasphemous dictum of Frederic the Second, *Le bon Dieu est toujours avec les plus gros bataillons*.

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8.—1791: A TALE OF SAN DOMINGO.<sup>1</sup>

The principles of the French Revolution, which worked such havoc in Europe, spread to the New World, and produced their baneful effects in the French dominions there; witness the insurrection of the slaves in San Domingo, one of the most productive islands of the West Indies, which forms the subject of the tale before us. In 1791 the National Assembly passed a decree granting full political rights to people of colour in the colonies. This brought to a climax the jealousy already existing between the white men and the mulattoes, and engendered a spirit of insubordination among the blacks, who, rendered restless and unruly in some cases by over-indulgence, in others exasperated by undue severity on the part of their masters, seized the opportunity to claim independence. They

<sup>1</sup> 1791: A Tale of San Domingo. By E. W. Gilliam, M.D. Baltimore: John Murphy and Co., 1890.

rose in a body, massacred their owners with the utmost brutality, fired the plantations, and effectually ruined the colony.

The thread of romance interwoven in the account of the outbreak, is neither long nor intricate. In the opening scene, the hero, Henry Pascal, is told by his father that he has received intimation of the coming revolt, and urged to accept a situation which has been offered him in Jamaica. The young man is reluctant to leave San Domingo, on account of his attachment to the only child of a rich and prosperous planter, the owner of large estates on the island. The threatened danger alters his views of the future; he hastens to warn his friends, and entreat them to betake themselves to a place of safety. But Colonel Tourner is confident that were an insurrection to take place, his slaves would defend him; and truly, content and good-will seemed to reign on his estates. It was the eve of the *Crop over*, or Harvest Home, and preparations were being made on a grand scale for its celebration in the grounds on a beautiful moonlight night. We are told what fare was provided to tempt the fastidious palate of the refined and discerning "darkies."

Cooking in the West Indies is done in small charcoal furnaces and out-of-door brick ovens, and for the two preceding days Madame Tourner had been taxing her resources in this direction. The result was the rich and bountiful feast spread beneath a branching mango. Fowls, hams, Guinea-birds, turkeys, flying-fish, butter-fish, pastry, tarts, guava jelly, preserved ginger, custard apples, pine-apples, melons, &c., with jorums of lemonade and tamarind-water, made a feast fit for a king.

Near the centre of the lawn . . . was a crowd of lively blacks, looking as pleased as Punch, and all in holiday rig. The slaves were excessively vain of their personal appearance, and, if necessary, would go in rags during the week to have something to wear on a fête-day or at a "party." The men on this occasion wore woollen caps, the dews being heavy and dangerous. The women were tricked out in different styles of flashing kerchiefs twisted into high turbans, gaudy gowns, many-coloured sashes, and a profusion of cheap ornaments.

In the midst were the dancers "doing," in their turn, Scotch reels and quadrilles with intense *gout* and joyousness. Encircling these was a throng of blacks constantly moving in and out among themselves, and giving vent to a thousand gay sallies, cracking their ready jokes upon the manners and customs of the "buckras," and breaking now and then into loud and glad laughter at some of their witticisms, the point of which it was often difficult to see. The jabber was "immense." (pp. 95—98.)



Colonel Tourner had the character of a just and generous master; his slaves were sincerely attached to him, and therefore he was proved right in his opinion that they would defend his family, when, two days after the festivities described above, they were attacked at dead of night by a band of insurgents. The slaves, rushing out with weapons, overpowered and dispersed the assailants, after some bloodshed. They then escorted their owners to the capital of the island, whither those white men who had escaped the fury of negroes had fled for safety. Madame Tourner and her daughter had quarters assigned them on board a man-of-war, while Colonel Tourner assumed the command of a regiment of volunteers.

Some days later, Henry Pascal was taken prisoner by the insurgents, who, under the leadership of a ferocious negro, became a formidable army. Distressed at the tidings of his capture, his betrothed sought out a French gentleman, a rejected suitor, and entreated him to use his influence with the negroes to save the life of his successful rival. This he consents to do on condition that Emilie's hand should be his reward. Now this man, M. Tardiffe, having foreseen the course events would take, had sold his estates and invested the proceeds in foreign funds. He was therefore untouched by the ruin which had overtaken his neighbours. On this account Madame Tourner, who had always favoured him, urged her daughter to break her troth with her now penniless lover, and accept M. Tardiffe's proposal. In the delirium of a fever brought on by grief and anxiety, Emilie assented. How M. Tardiffe performed his promise, and how Pascal was rescued from death by a faithful negro, is duly unfolded in the concluding portion of the narrative.

The character and capabilities of the African races are fully discussed in a long conversation between Colonel Tourner, the model slave-owner, and M. Tardiffe, *l'ami des Noirs*, who believes—or professes to believe—that the negro is originally of the same stock as the white man, changed only by “climatic influences,” and that he possesses capabilities qualifying him to attain the same level of mental and social culture; nay more, that the fusion of races on terms of recognized equality is possible. Colonel Tourner has studied the question, and arrived at an opposite conclusion.

“Look around you [he says], what promise do you see of advanced mental life in the negroes, as a whole? Is not the intelligence of the

lower races centred in the mulattoes, and in them as they near the white stock? Look down the course of history, where has the African built towns, adorned letters, or founded great and conquering states?"

"We should look forward," eagerly interposed M. Tardiffe, "for negro civilization, and believe that as Asia was once in the ascendant, as Europe is now, so the day for Africa is to dawn."

"Monsieur," rejoined the Colonel, "the growth of civilization is not the evolution of successive continents. If civilization has withered in one quarter to bloom in another, it has been brought forth, in every instance, by some variety of the white or yellow race. Sixty centuries have passed, yet Africa remains *the dark Continent*. I grant the talents and culture of individual Africans, . . . but believing the negro to be a deteriorated part of the human family, these occasional instances of cultivation are proofs to my mind of a noble ancestry from which the race has fallen, not of a height it is yet to reach. . . . The fusion you speak of, sir, is forbidden by natural laws. Experiments show that the blending of whites and blacks would end in a debased hybrid race, inferior to the native negro ancestry." (pp. 71—81.)

We congratulate the author of this tale on his first essay at fiction, and hope to read other works from his pen. We notice some peculiarities of expression which sound strange to European ears, e.g., *in naked feet* for *barefoot*; the *flavour* of lavender, meaning the *scent*; and *mounting the livery* for *stepping into a hired chaise*.

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#### 9.—ELOCUTION.<sup>1</sup>

This work begins with an essay on the aids to correct and effective elocution, the rest of the work and the largest portion of it, contains selected readings and recitations for practice. We are told in the Preface that the lessons and exercises had long been made use of by the authoress in manuscript form. This gives them a value that they would not have if they had not been found to stand the necessary test of practice. We observe throughout the book its very practical character. Thus invaluable hints are given which seem at first sight to be self-evident, but which nevertheless public speakers often require a long experience to find out, as for instance, that it is of great importance to keep the lungs constantly filled with air, and if

<sup>1</sup> *Aids to Correct and Effective Elocution*. By Eleanor O'Grady. New York: Benziger Brothers.

necessary, to make a "silent pause" to replenish them, otherwise the voice fails and the ends of the sentences are lost. Again, the directions for the management of the head, hands, face, &c., are very minute and are evidently the outcome of careful observation and experience. There are elocutionists who reduce the whole art to a rigid system of certain gestures something akin to the deaf and dumb alphabet, or the method of signalling with flags. This tendency has here been brought to a minimum, though it cannot be altogether avoided, especially in teaching children.

The collection of pieces for recitation is not to any large extent classical. Pieces learned for recitation will be for many students the best known and longest remembered specimens of English prose and poetry in their recollection. There is a little Shakespeare, some Longfellow, the Chambered Nautilus by Holmes, Poe's Raven, the Song of the Shirt, a fine poem, "Pancratius," and many others that deserve their position in such a work. But again there are some that do not. Perhaps they have been selected as having been found to be specially useful with a view to practice in reading or speaking. Anyhow, a choice in such a case as this is not very easy to make, and there are so many selections almost entirely classical that we do not at all complain if Miss O'Grady has introduced a more miscellaneous selection.

## *Literary Record.*

### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

WE have received the two concluding parts of Father Lehmkuhl's edition of Father de Ponte's Meditations.<sup>1</sup> We have already called the attention of our readers to the re-issue of these beautiful meditations, and have pointed out one or two of their most salient characteristics. We need only add one other excellence that we have not noticed previously. Father de Ponte supplies matter not merely for private meditation, but for public instructions, and these convenient little volumes will not be easily exhausted by the priest who draws from them points for his Sunday's sermon, or for a retreat, or for a series of instructions. They combine, in fact, a devotional commentary on the New Testament, with a summary of practical theology. The fifth volume embraces the Glorified Life of our Lord, the Mission of the Holy Spirit, and His work in the Church; while the sixth comprises the Divine Perfections, Creation, Providence, the Blessed Eucharist, and concludes with some beautiful Meditations on Heaven and the Glory of the Elect. In an Appendix points are given for the festivals of some of the saints.

We have received the second and third volumes of Dr. Schmitt's edition of the *Manna Sacerdotum*.<sup>2</sup> We feel sure that any priest who conscientiously makes use of it in his daily devotions and carries out the advice that is given in it, will derive from it great and invaluable aid in the path of holiness. The meditations are all of them adapted to the different seasons of the year, and are directed to the special duties, privileges, and responsibilities of the priesthood. The prayers are mostly taken from the writings of the saints, or from sources to which the Church has lent her authority.

<sup>1</sup> *Ven. P. L. de Ponte Meditationes.* De novo editæ cura P. Lehmkuhl, S.J. Friburg: Herder.

<sup>2</sup> *Manna quotidianum Sacerdotum, sive preces ante et post Missæ celebrationem.* Edit. Jac. Schmitt, S. Theol. Doctor. Herder, 1890.

The late Bishop Lightfoot's advocacy of the letters of St. Ignatius is generally accepted as conclusive in favour of their genuine character; but it has been lately challenged by Canon Jenkins,<sup>1</sup> who tells us that he has been a student of them for fifty years. We confess that we do not think that he brings forward conclusive evidence against the Bishop, though it is quite possible that the letters may not have been committed to writing by St. Ignatius in their present form. But the arguments of Mr. Jenkins are none of them more than circumstantial, and in some cases absolutely valueless, as when he objects that these letters are far too outspoken in favour of the authority of the Holy See for the age of Ignatius. This is a curious instance of a "circular" argument. The Pope's claims cannot be genuine because no early document recognizes them. A disputed document cannot be genuine, because it recognizes the Papal claims.

Father Christie's Poem of the *End of Man* has been the fruitful parent of a numerous offspring. We have already had extracted from it *Rosary Verses* and *Verses for the Stations*, and now we have *Chimes for Holy-days*<sup>2</sup> that ring sweetly in our ears. The name is due to a characteristic compliment paid by Cardinal Newman to the author, and we feel sure that many a reader will echo the words of the Cardinal quoted at the beginning of this pretty little volume.

Father Vuibert's *Manual of Ancient History*<sup>3</sup> is well printed, of moderate compass (650 pages post 8vo), and exhibits a judicious sense of historical perspective, passing lightly over the arid tracts of Eastern chronicle, to dilate with some picturesque detail upon those events in the story of Judæa, Greece, and Rome, which have been the turning-points of the world's destinies. In a word, this volume seems to provide adequately that amount of knowledge of the ancient world which it is reasonable to expect of any ordinary man of education. It is also, we are glad to say, intended to supplant the manual of Fredel, a work which is a model of all that a text-book ought

<sup>1</sup> *Ignatian Difficulties and Historic Doubts*. By R. C. Jenkins, M.A. London: David Nutt, 270, Strand.

<sup>2</sup> *Chimes for Holy-days*, from *The End of Man*. By Albany J. Christie, S.J., M.A. Manresa Press, Roehampton.

<sup>3</sup> *An Ancient History, from the Creation to the Fall of the Western Empire in A.D. 476*. With numerous Maps and Plans of Cities. By A. J. B. Vuibert, S.S.A.M., Professor of Rhetoric and History in St. Charles' College, Ellicott City, Md. Baltimore: Foley Brothers, 1886.

not to be. In the history of Greece and Rome it draws largely on Dr. Smith's Manuals, sometimes quoting him almost verbatim. We think that this new manual will prove very useful to the young students of America.

Miss Mulholland's *Wild Birds of Killeevy*<sup>1</sup> has been for many years before the public. We find the same sense of pleasure on reading it now that we did when we first saw it in the pages of the *Irish Monthly*. We renew our acquaintance with the inhabitants of the wild secluded mountain-side Killeevy, the description of which is perhaps the most charming thing in the book. The two wild birds are Fanchea, the little girl with the wonderful voice, and Kevin, the young lad, her self-appointed guardian, slow, shy, and backward in his learning, called stupid by his friends because his thoughts did not confine themselves to the common paths. The story of Fan's abduction on account of her wonderful voice, and of the many adventures afterwards, until she becomes a distinguished *prima donna*, and of his long journey after her in the course of which he becomes, from being a shy young village peasant, a well-known literary man—all this is surely known to the reader, or if not, let the reader amend his ignorance and taste a pleasure that he will not readily forget.

The lovers of nature and nature's ways, will welcome a little periodical which is devoted to the cultivation of a taste for nature's beauties. *Nature Notes*,<sup>2</sup> the Selborne Society Magazine, has started with the present year, and we hope it may do much to encourage an appreciation of the glories of the natural world and of the lessons that it is meant to teach us. We hope, moreover, that it may help to save from wanton destruction the rarer specimens of the animal and the floral world, and keep back the encroaching spirit which sacrifices recklessly some woodland scene to the convenience of a new railroad, or to the selfish interests of some speculative builder. In England at the present day there is an increasing number of devoted naturalists, and city life seems rather to stimulate than diminish their earnestness. To all of these *Nature Notes* will be pleasant reading, and perhaps also a convenient medium for conveying to others the results of their own research and observation.

<sup>1</sup> *The Wild Birds of Killeevy*. By Rosa Mulholland. London: Burns and Oates.

<sup>2</sup> *Nature Notes*. The Selborne Society Magazine. Edited by Percy Myles and James Britten. Price 2d. monthly. London: Sotheman, 136, Strand.



Messrs. Benziger and Co., of Einsiedeln, Switzerland, have sent us a number of specimens of small coloured picture cards, double and single, executed with great skill and at a very low price. Among them are pictures without number of our Lady, pictures of the Sacred Heart, of the Sacred Face of our Lord, and of various Saints. They have on the back prayers in English, so that the objection to so many of the foreign pictures, that the prayers upon them are in an unknown tongue, is entirely removed. We hope that some house in London or Dublin may undertake their sale in England and in Ireland.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

The *Études* for June opens with an article on Joan of Arc, on whose rehabilitation and glorification the pen of every French writer has lately been employed. The Rationalist is no less ready to eulogize the deliverer of his country than the Christian, but the latter, as Father Cornut remarks, alone comprehends her life and mission; her exploits, her martyrdom, and her renown belong to the Catholic Church. The work of Father Ayroles, who publishes the text of the *Mémoires* of various theologians and canonists of the fifteenth century, and exhibits the pure and pious warrior-maiden in her true, supernatural light, is reviewed in this article. The continuation of M. de Belcastel's biography gives the story of his public career as an active member of the National Assembly. He entered upon it in the stormy period of 1871, and from the outset took his stand almost alone as the advocate of religious liberty and social order, invariably coming to the fore when courage and sacrifice were required for the welfare of his country. An excursion in Syria, narrated in the agreeable style of Father Jullien, describes the varied characteristics of the country through which his route to Damascus lay, and the monuments and memories which gave historical interest to the scene. "The Hypotheses of the Physicist viewed from the standpoint of the philosopher," is the title of a paper by Father de Joannis, who points out that when close observation of the phenomena of Nature has led the physicist to conclude the existence of a general law, and enabled him to formulate a theory, it is the part of philosophy to scrutinize the hypothesis, and not reject

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it as improbable unless it be opposed to some known truth. Writing on the subject of the Plain Chant, Father Soullier discusses the question whether St. Gregory was himself a musical composer, or whether he merely altered the ancient Greek and Roman chants, adapting them to the use of Christian worship. To have perpetuated these melodies in writing is, in the opinion of the writer, the greatest service Gregory rendered to ecclesiastical music. In a former number of the *Études*, an interesting account was given of the art of engraving in China. This is followed by a paper on the subject of the arts of design and painting as practised in the principal Chinese schools, where perspective is ignored, and a conventional, traditional style strictly adhered to.

In the July number of the *Stimmen aus Maria-Laach*, Father Dressel, writing on the motive forces of inorganic nature, gives a retrospective glance at the slow advance in past centuries of natural science, compared with its rapid development in recent times, before entering upon the theory now held by physicists in regard to the forces of nature, and the important results connected with it. Father Haan, continuing his essay on Hypnotism, speaks of its effects on mind and body. They are in general highly injurious, though instances are cited in which it has proved useful in restoring health, and curing habits of intemperance. Various ways in which the hypnotiser may abuse his power over the subject for criminal purposes are also mentioned. The information collected by Father Schmitz concerning the use of the sacraments towards the close of the middle ages will be new and instructive to many readers. It was customary at that period to go to Confession more frequently than to Communion. The teaching of à Kempis, when the invention of printing had facilitated the diffusion of *The Following of Christ*, is said to have had considerable influence in increasing the number of communicants. For readers of an archæological taste, Father Beissel provides an interesting account of the seals in use in Germany from the earliest times both by individuals and corporations. Many of these, especially those of the early Emperors, were masterpieces of art, equalling in beauty of design and skill of execution the intaglios of antiquity. We are glad again to see Father Baumgartner's name in connection with Spanish literature. With his graceful and vigorous translations of the Castilian poets we are already acquainted; the revival of Catalanian

verse during the present century now supplies a subject to his accomplished pen.

Dr. Moufang, the Rector of the Diocesan Seminary at Mayence, did not long survive the golden sacerdotal jubilee he celebrated last year. A sketch of the life of this able and zealous prelate, who, during the exile of Bishop Ketteler, sustained the full brunt of the *Kulturkampf*, appears in the *Katholik*, to which he was not only a frequent and valued contributor, but for nearly forty years the principal and a most successful editor. The *Katholik* comes forward in defence of the Bible from the attacks of German Protestants and Rationalists, whose exegesis aims at destroying the claim of Old Testament history on our belief, and denies its prophetic character and typical meaning. Thus the story of David, an episode in the development of the Jewish nation, no less important than the career of the lawgiver Moses, has recently been subjected to critical analysis by the enemies of the Church and of religion. The description of the Nubian provinces of Egypt is continued: the present instalment contains an account of the customs and ceremonies, social and religious, which prevail among the inhabitants. Dr. Schäfer winds up his remarks on the mistakes, difficulties, and sometimes scandals, occasioned by the absence of uniformity in the ecclesiastical discipline in the various dioceses of Germany. The wide divergence existing in the time fixed for the fulfilment of the Easter precept, and in the rules for fasting and abstinence, are the last points he touches on. Although his matter—the result of careful observation and collection of facts—is not exhausted, he refrains from pursuing the subject further, in the hope that what has already been said may suffice to call attention to the urgent need for reform in this important matter. During the last fifty or sixty years, Germany has produced many Catholic poets and poetesses, of greater or less merit, who have dedicated their talents to the honour of the great Mother of God. The names of these, and specimens of their verses, are given by a writer in the *Katholik*, to show how deeply rooted is devotion to Mary in every true German heart.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* (959) comments on the deliberations of the Berlin Congress in defence of the rights of the labouring classes. Whilst rejoicing in the wise measures adopted, it once more asserts that social order can only be established on the

firm basis of Christian principles, and that for this a radical reform is necessary in the system of legislation, of public education, and the control of the Press. The history of St. Gregory's Pontificate is continued, and the serial story, "Lucilla, an Episode of the Reign of Terror," is brought to a close. The instalment of the essay on "Visions," points out the distinction existing between ordinary hallucinations and supernatural visions both in the present day and in past ages. It explains the aphorism admitted by theologians and physicists alike, *Gaudet daemon humore melancholico*; a greater or less influence being exercised by evil and good spirits according to the natural temperament of the individual subjected to it. In the following number of the *Civiltà* (960) the evils and benefits of popular education are discussed. In the opinion of some statesmen, the instruction of the people is a panacea for all the evils that afflict their country; but in reality, the smattering of knowledge imparted in the public schools, in the absence of all moral and religious training, serves to foster vice and engender insubordination. The *Civiltà* (961) further protests against the influence of Freemasons in Parliament, who clamour for so-called liberty of instruction in the higher schools, whereby modern anti-Christian science, denying God as the First Cause and Creator of all things, is substituted for the doctrines of true philosophy, and the principles of atheism are disseminated in the minds of the young. "What has Italy to thank Crispi for?" is the question asked in another article. Some of the faults of his administration, and the evils that his policy, at once vacillatory and despotic, his encouragement of Freemasonry and his hostility to the Church have brought on the country, are enumerated. Nihilism, called Russian on account of its having originated in that land, forms the theme of another paper. The aim, organization, mode of action, and iniquitous character of this worst form of socialism are therein exposed. The element of fiction in the *Civiltà* is supplied by a new tale, entitled, "Preternatural Agency in the last Century."

